Week ending June 18 1949 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

THE POWERFUL MEN WHO RULE RUSSIA

by EDWARD CRANKSHAW

NIGEL BALCHIN'S NEW NOVEL

"A Sort of Traitors"

For Morning Freshness

Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

You just can't ignore it!

WATCH YOUR COMB! Falling hair means starving hair, first step to baldness. It is nature's warning that your bodily supplies of hair foods are running low. Be warned in time. That hair can be saved. Saved by Silvikrin.

Silvikrin contains the foods your hair is dying for—Cystine, Tyrosine, Tryptophane and other vital elements. For severe dandruff or loss of hair use Pure Silvikrin.

Use Pure Silvikrin in severe cases of dandruff and falling hair. As a daily dressing use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion—or, for dry heads, the new Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion with Oil.

Silvikrin
THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

20/E/U

Hard on her hands...

...but still her nails stay lovely!

Glass-hard glossy nails in two minutes! A lustrous finish in your favourite shade that keeps its loveliness no matter what your work routine may be.

L'Onglex
Liquid
NAIL POLISH

IN 6 SMART SHADES

FLAG SAUCE
of course!
FLAG SAUCE
RICH & FRUITY
THE RIGHT SAUCE FOR

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

> All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs and other articles which have been approved by our experts are marked →
> In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

There are many imitations

The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the *real* Aertex is unique. It has never been successfully copied. You can tell it by this label.

Genuine Aertex garments bear this label
THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD
AERTEX
LONDON
—and utility

but only one
AERTEX

Tintex
THE WORLD'S
LARGEST-SELLING
HOME DYE

PHOSFERINE
for a *new* appetite!

PHOSFERINE is a grand restorative when reserves have run down. When the appetite fails, the vital resources of the body are not replaced. Mental and physical energy sag. Resilience weakens. The cheerful rebound to life's difficulties deserts you. It is within the power of PHOSFERINE to reverse this process—by reviving the appetite it creates new energy and vitality. You feel a new interest in life. Try this grand tonic today.

PHOSFERINE

1/6 & 3/8
In liquid or tablet form.

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS
for Depression, Debility, Indigestion, Sleeplessness and after Influenza.

Perfect Bottling

SUTCLIFFE
PRESERVING JAR

With the approach of the Bottling Season make sure of adequate supplies of Sutcliffe precision made Preserving Bottles and spare fittings. Stocks are obtainable at Boots and leading Ironmongers and Hardware Stores.

J. W. SUTCLIFFE & CO.
Glass Bottle Manufacturers
12 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1
and at Manchester

EDITORIAL

Making the best of all our brains

THE GREATEST industrial revolution of our time came about quietly during the war—unnoticed in the hurly-burly of life-and-death news.

It was the new practice of letting employees have a say in the organization and management of their factories, workshops and mines.

Come to think of it, why not? A lot of useful ideas are likely to be wasted if only the bosses are allowed to use their brains. But it was only under the pressure of war that prejudice really broke down and "consultation" was born.

The human machinery behind it has dry and forbidding names—works committees, joint production councils, works councils and so forth. But the functions of these bodies are all much the same—to pool the brains and experience of everybody employed on a particular job so as to get the best conditions and the largest output.

When the war ended, many employers banned consultation. Many still regard it as interference with their rights of absolute control as business owners. And so, of course, it is.

But it is a kind of interference which may well pay big dividends to a progressive and intelligent employer who realizes that he is no longer dealing with the "dumb wage-slaves" of his grandfather's day, but often with educated, ambitious personalities who may have valuable ideas to offer.

PREJUDICE against consultation still arises from a mistaken idea that it is purely political in nature—"the thin edge of the Socialist wedge," as some employers insist on calling it. And this mistake has probably spread because Labour Government spokesmen have repeatedly asked for more consultation, and reproached employers because only one firm in ten is working the new system.

Yet the only party which can be accused of trying to turn works committees into political debates is the Communist Party—and the Reds can be kept out simply enough, just by not electing them.

How does consultation work? Study the set-up in an industry which has now organized it elaborately—coal-mining.

Each colliery has its consultative committee—that's the name chosen in this industry. Its job is to discuss and make recommendations about safety, health and welfare and methods of winning coal as they affect everybody who works at the pit.

What the consultative committee must *not* discuss is wages, or the terms and conditions of employment. These are dealt with by the negotiating machinery between trade unions and management. The same rules hold good for consultation in any type of industry whatever.

Over the colliery committee presides the manager, and a lot of its usefulness depends on his personality. He can appoint three colliery officials. There is one colliery deputy, elected by secret ballot of his fellows. Then—and this is where consultation really begins — six other committee men are elected by secret ballot to represent all grades of workers.

ONCE elected, a man sits on the committee for three years, and one third of the members are elected every year. The dozen-odd men meet once a fortnight, preferably out of working hours—though miners don't lose pay if they have to attend instead of going down the pit. They are encouraged to sound out their workmates for ideas and grievances—always remembering that wages and conditions are barred subjects — and generally to act as spokesmen for their mates and channels for the practical ideas of all.

That is the system of "industrial democracy" in action in a nationalised industry. It isn't perfect, but it already works in most places in a rough-and-ready way. Naturally there is a difference between the smooth working of a paper scheme for consultation and what happens when real live men get together—or dislike getting together.

Nevertheless, consultation does work—and it will work better and better as workers and management alike come to understand and appreciate the system better and see its good results in their daily jobs.

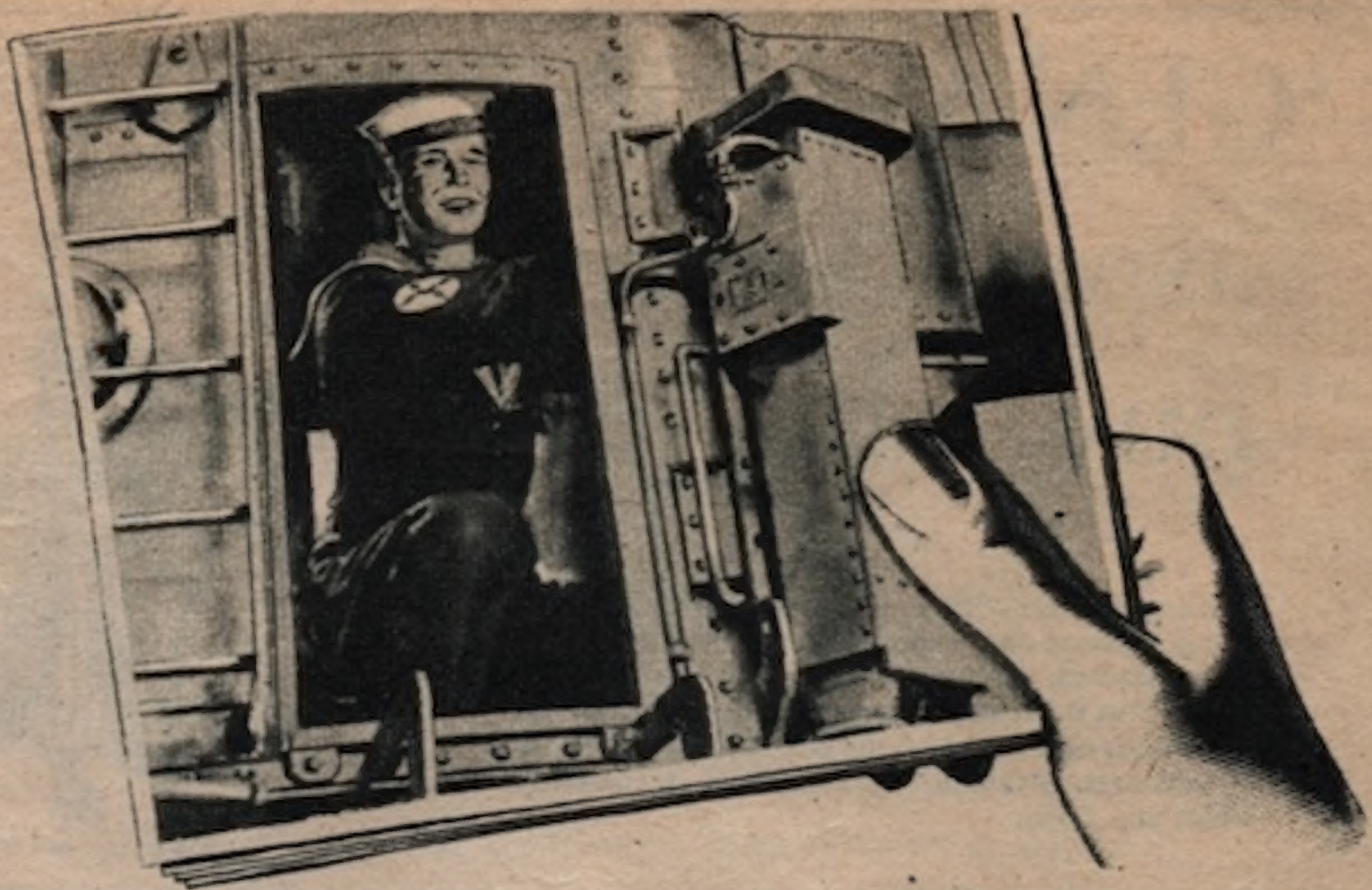
Already the mines have benefited, and the National Coal Board should publicise the positive gains of consultation so as to encourage private employers in other industries.

For consultation, as part of the ordinary working man's life, and as a new source of opportunity for him, is coming to stay. The sooner and the more smoothly it spreads throughout industry, the better will be our prospects of industrial peace and economic recovery.

We must not expect too much from it at first; nor, on the other hand, block it by ignorance and prejudice. The men won't always produce winning ideas or refrain from saying the wrong thing; the proprietors and managers must not remain autocratic, contemptuous or obstructive.

For consultation is a sign of the industrial times—and no man can set the clock back permanently.

JOHN BULL 186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
JUNE 18, 1949 VOLUME 85 NUMBER 2242 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON



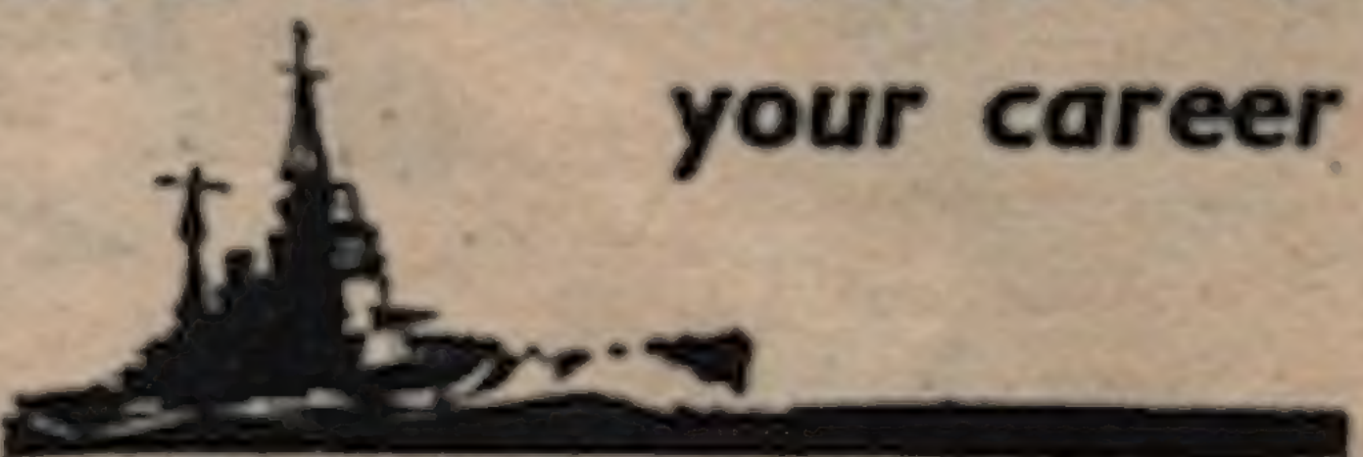
Nobby's on fire control . . .

. . . No, he hasn't forgotten his hose! He's an Electrician and he's working on the wiring in the Gunnery Fire Control tower, checking the circuit that operates the gun sights. You've got to hand it to those Electricians; they work on almost everything on the ship from the 4.5" guns to the mast head light, and they do it so well our destroyer is always fighting fit. They're a cheery bunch — all *the lads are, in fact, and we've had great times together from Bermuda to Bombay . . .*

The ELECTRICAL BRANCH offers a wide range of interesting jobs to men who are keen on electrical work. There are vacancies in this branch NOW (ages 16½-28).
There are vacancies in the following Branches, too:—**Stoker Mechanic, Stores, Writer, Naval Airman** (16-28) and for **Signalmen, Sick Berth Attendants** and **Royal Marines** (17-28). Pay and prospects of promotion, and the opportunities for foreign travel, have never been better.

For full details of how to join, write to THE DIRECTOR OF NAVAL RECRUITING, *Dept.*BR/199, ADMIRALTY, LONDON, S.W.1.

Make the
ROYAL NAVY
your career



EMERGENCY RESERVES:
Ex-Naval Ratings and Ex-Royal Marines who wish to join should apply to any Ministry of Labour and National Service office.

QUENCHY QUESTIONS

Animal, vegetable or mineral?
Vegetable.
Can you eat it?
No.
Can you drink it?
Yes.
Is it made in any particular county?
Yes.
Is it made in Devon?
Yes.
Is it Devonshire Cream?
No.
Is it nice and sweet?
Yes.
It's cyder!
Yes.
Let's have a recap. It's made in Devon, it's nice and sweet and it's cyder . . .
Yes.

Then it must be
WHITEWAY'S CYDER

1/6 PER SCREW QT. FLAGON *Bottle Extra* IN SCOTLAND 1/8

JB

MEDIUM—SWEET OR DRY

DEVON
WHITEWAYS
WHITEWAY'S
DEVONSHIRE FLAGON CYDER

CVS-113

'GENASPRIN' is the aspirin women buy...

"MY HEADACHE'S GONE ALREADY"

Women, especially, have long learnt that 'Genasprin' is quick-acting and a most effective type of aspirin for headaches, pains, etc., and in the treatment of colds. This is because 'Genasprin' is made with the meticulous care for which the pharmaceutical House of Genatosan is famous. Obtainable at all chemists, 1/6½d. and 2/5½d.

THE WORD 'GENASPRIN' IS THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE

Put your personality on paper

In this modern age of telephone and cable, letter writing is the most intimate means of contact between two people. Our Mothers used perfumed notepaper to give the personal association to *their* letters. Times have changed, but the thrill of receiving a letter remains. Yours will mean much more if they express your own personality — choose *your* colour carefully from the glorious range of Waterman's Inks and put your personality on paper. There are 9 beautiful colours from which to choose, all in the famous tip-fill bottle. *So remember*, "it's Waterman's Pens & Inks you want!"

Waterman's Coloured Inks

Choose your watch from this new FREE superbly illustrated book

Send off to-day for your free copy of THE ACCURIST BOOK OF WATCHES, in which our many different models are superbly illustrated. If you want a first-rate watch at a moderate cost you can't do better than an Accurist. Our price range, recently extended, is from **£5.7.6** to **£28.10.0**, and every watch carries **a written five year guarantee.** Personal shoppers are invited to call at our Regent Street showrooms (closed on Saturdays). **Please note our new address.**

LAWRENCE SEDER & CO. LTD., DEPT. JB 24. 191 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

EASY for your shave in the morning —gives a rich, lasting LATHER

★ and remember you get 100 shaves with LEVER'S

EASY SHAVING STICK

EASY on the eye in the evening — still smooth from your morning SHAVE

E 429A-1160

A LEVER PRODUCT

Free Speech

WHAT GOES ON DURING THE EXTRA SCHOOL YEAR? MEN IDLE BUT JOBS FOR WIVES; SNOBBERY CAUSES SPORTS FAILURES

RECENTLY I LEFT SCHOOL—a school which I hope is not representative of all English schools. I should have left last year but the leaving age was raised. During that year I was taught absolutely nothing.

True, the teachers tried. Our master, Mr. B., used to take us for geography but all the Bulls of Bashan couldn't have made more noise than we did. He eventually handed us over to Mr. S., who also taught us nothing.

The worst work-dodgers were the prefects. I know. I was one. I and another boy were responsible for distributing the daily bottles of milk. The period of waiting for the milkman to arrive was about half an hour. The opening of the bottles and handing out was about a quarter of an hour's job. We made it take two forty-minute periods.

Our arithmetic lessons were farcical. Mr. S. took us for these. He spent half the time cracking jokes and chasing boys round the room. The only time the boys behaved was when stern young students took us. They knew how to keep order.

If we are to produce good, clean-living men, we must clean up these schools.—STUDENT, Cambridge.

Pick-and-Shovel Prospect

AFTER SPENDING the best part of three months looking for a job, I have come to the conclusion that the day is not too far distant when I'll be spending my time cleaning and cooking while my wife goes out to earn our living. We have here in Swansea a new trading estate, with twelve new factories in full or part production. At least seven are employing ninety per cent female labour.

If you are a woman, job-hunting is easy. Training is given, part-time work for married women operated. But if you are a man, however intelligent, adaptable and keen, your only chance of work in this area is to take on pick-and-shovel jobs on a day-to-day basis.—W. D., Swansea.

Tennis Club Snobs

PEGGIE SCRIVEN omits to mention the real cause of Britain's tennis decline in her article (JOHN BULL, May 28). Tennis clubs have become social centres where the most important thing is the member's ancestry or business standing and not his ability to play the game. If a manual labourer with a genuine love of tennis joins a club, the more "respectable" members cold-shoulder him right out.

Cricket clubs practise the same class distinction and the outcome has proved disastrous. It is significant that the only British sportsmen who can hold their heads high are footballers. And the majority of them had humble origins.—LESLIE R. HOLDEN, 43 Westbourne Park Crescent, London, W.2.

Wrong Men In Jail

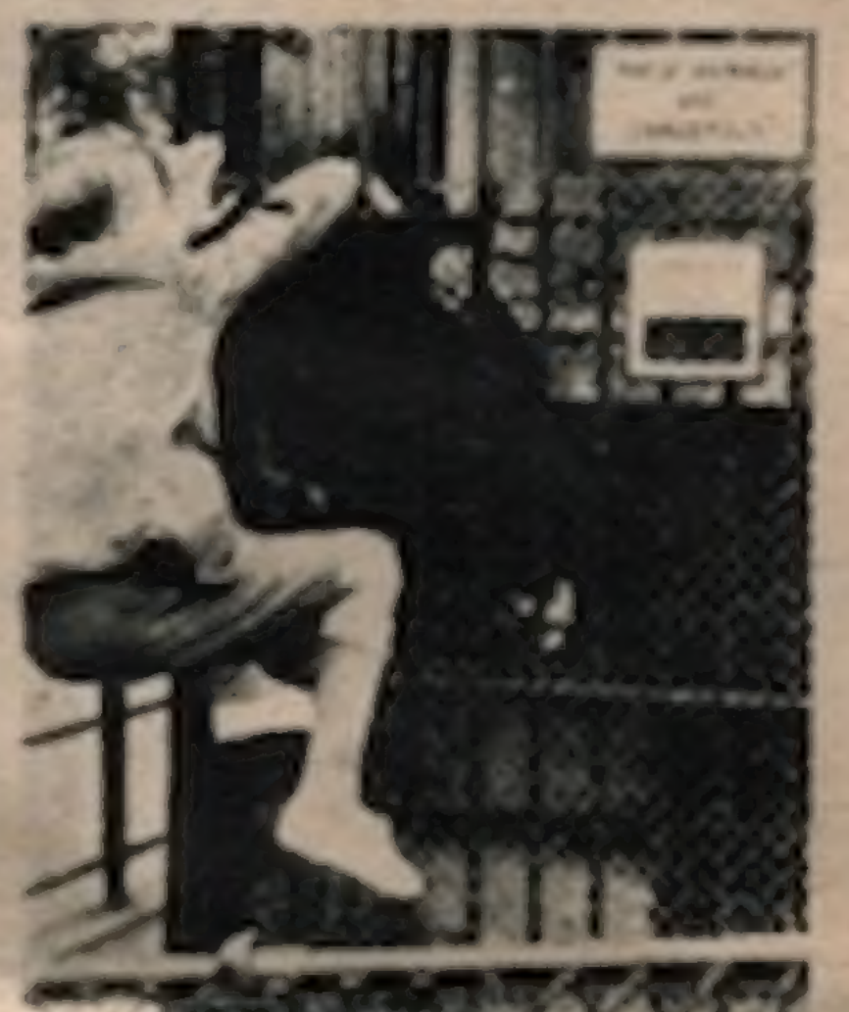
OUR PRISONS MAY BE FULL but only a few of the men in them are really criminals. Take out the deserters, the non-payers of fines, unlucky motorists, non-supporters of unworthy wives, barrow boys who unwisely try to make up on one community their losses on another, train fare dodgers, hard-hit tenants, and—as in my own case—decliners of forced, uncongenial labour. What have you left? A small number of burglars, sex maniacs and a murderer or two.

Prison officers are woefully scarce. So are policemen. Yet the policemen are kept busy by having to send thousands of comparatively harmless people to prison—which means overworking the few prison officers to no good purpose.—JACKSON BUTLER, Springfield, Boundstone, Farnham, Surrey.

Brighter Loaves Wanted

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to all those nice-shaped loaves we used to have—the cottage loaf, the coburg, the twist? All we get now are the tin loaves. Surely once again the bakers could brighten our bread.—ETHEL JAMES, 45 The Grove, Gravesend, Kent.

Chimpanzee's Friend



DENNIS HOLMAN'S article, "His Friends the Man-Eaters" (JOHN BULL, May 21) brought back memories to a friend of mine who stood among a crowd of children at the London Zoo. He intended to take a happy picture of the chimpanzee but this is what he actually got.

The boy must have had a preview of your picture of Flewin stroking the tiger!—MRS. L. TURVEY, Pine View, Hale Crescent, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.

Children Answer Back

I AM THIRTEEN and the eldest of five children and I do not agree with Mr. R. Crocker's letter ("Free Speech," May 28) running down the children of today. They are not all selfish, rude and foolish but I think maybe the few that are come from homes where they are the only child.—MAUREEN WETHERELL, 4 Cedar Crescent, The Leazes, Burnopfield.

. . . He has written without full knowledge of the average state of living of the modern child. Take myself, for example. I receive two shillings a week pocket money, most of which I put into savings. I have never been pampered and, so far as I know, have never asked for anything beyond my parents' means. I have never met anyone so weak-willed as to be permanently affected by anything seen on the cinema screen.—G. S. KITCHIN, Riseholme, 40 Maple Grove, Fulford Road, York.

. . . Recently during excavations in Egypt an urn reckoned to be several thousand years old was discovered. On it was the inscription: "O, may we be preserved from the rising generation." Strange the way human nature has changed so little.—B. M., Huyton, Lancs.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

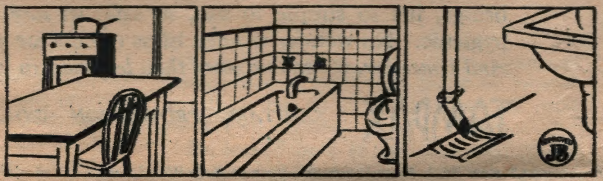
SEE WHAT BROBAT DOES BESIDES WHITEN YOUR WASHING!

BROBAT whitens . . . brightens . . . purifies! It gives new snowy whiteness to sheets, shirts, linens . . . makes glass, crockery, tiles, white woodwork, porcelain gleam and sparkle. And BROBAT, too, disinfects and sterilizes everything it touches—drains, sinks, lavatories and toilet bowls.

USE TRIPLE-TASK **BROBAT**

Put Brobat on your shopping list: 1/- per large 26 oz. bottle sold everywhere.

NO BOTTLE CHARGE



A DOUBLE BENEFIT

for smart appearance, for hair health

For handsome, tidy hair that keeps its good looks all through the day, use Brylcreem, the perfect hair dressing. Whether it's a day out in the open or in the office, you can rely on Brylcreem to keep you right on top. For Brylcreem not only gives the hair life and lustre; the pure emulsified oils it contains tone up the scalp and prevent Dry hair and Dandruff. Brylcreem your hair and make smartness your goal. Brylcreem is in jars and tubes 1/11½d.

BRYLCREEM
YOUR HAIR

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middx. royds 51

FOR LINOLEUM WOOD FLOORS AND FURNITURE
MANSION
HYGIENIC
POLISH
FOR BRIGHT AND HEALTHY HOMES

TINS 9d. & 1/4d.

"I'm glad you take so much pride in your appearance, John. You really look quite smart."

"Just what I was thinking, dear, judging by my reflection in this 'Mansion' polished wardrobe."

For dark woods use DARK MANSION

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM
CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.

MP/UZ

FALSE TEETH

and don't they look fine

You can laugh, chat, and enjoy life free from dental plate worry. That's the assurance you get if you sprinkle your plate in the morning with Dr. Wernet's Powder. Dr. Wernet's holds your plate firm, secure and comfortable all day long.

Dr. Wernet's Powder

Get a tin of Dr. Wernet's Powder today
60,000 dentists recommend it the world over

He's a Bob Martin dog all right

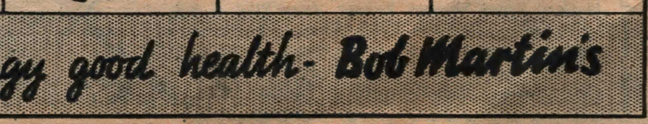
With his satiny coat and his friendly brown eyes he's a picture of good health and good looks.

Is your own dog like that? If he's not, it's up to you to help him. After all, *he can't tell you how he feels*, even if he's wretched.

One Bob Martin's once a day will provide, in carefully balanced proportions, those substances which help a dog to enjoy life, to be frisky and friendly—because he's really fit.

Start him on Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets today. They cost 8d. a packet, 1/8d. a large carton.

POOR CONDITION —watch for these common signs



For doggy good health- Bob Martin's

Lovely Sparkling Eyes!

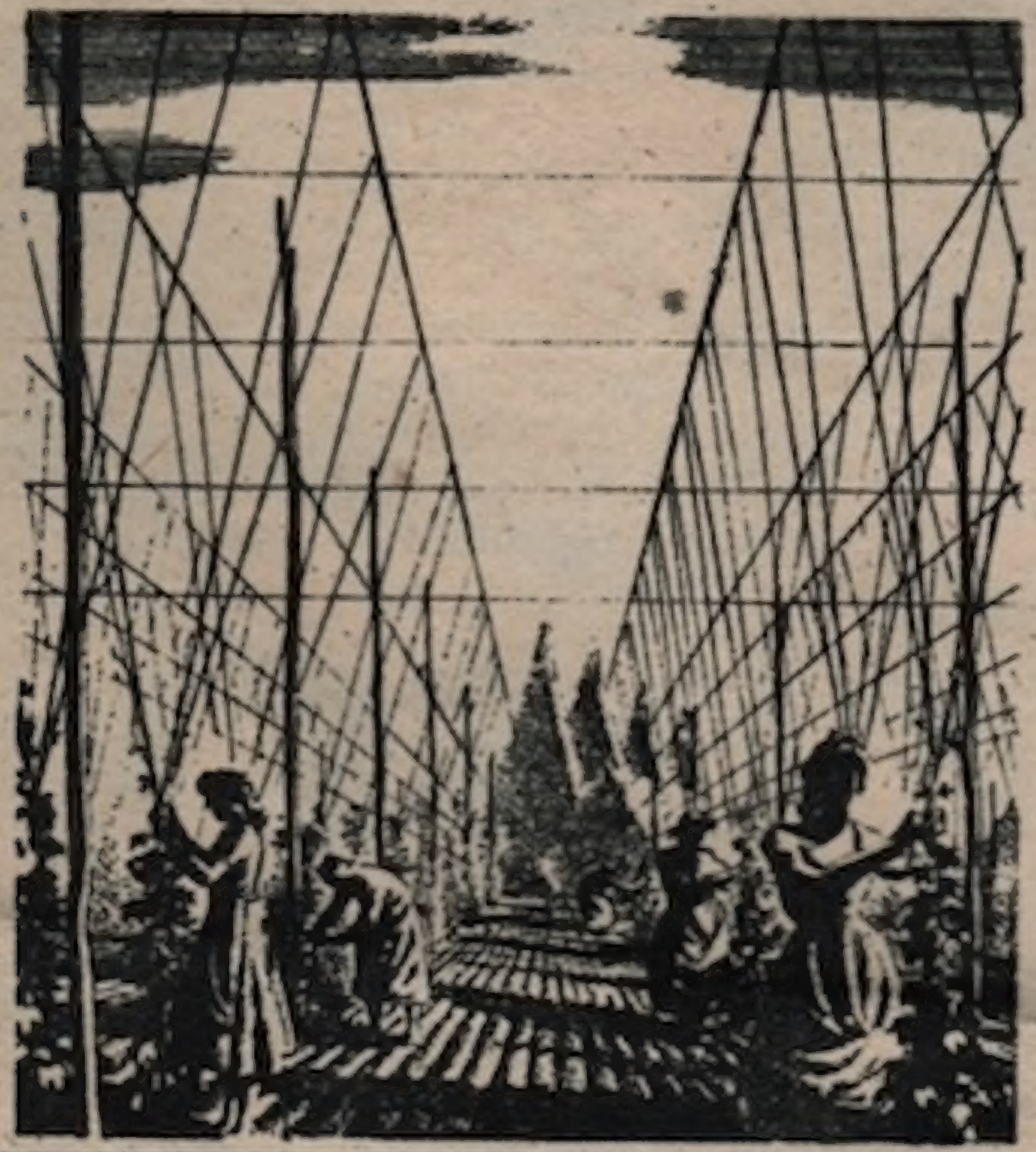
A woman's eyes mirror her whole make-up. Beauty Experts say, make eye-care with Valopto a *daily duty* for 3 reasons: for *protection* against infection: for *relief* from strain, tiredness and soreness: for *added lustre* and clearness. Start using Valopto today. *He* will admire the sparkling new beauty of your eyes.

Valopto is a scientific blending of gentle antiseptics and soothing plant extracts. For regular eye hygiene: for minor troubles such as styes, inflammation, colds in the eye. At chemists 2/6. *For serious troubles consult a doctor at once.*

Valopto

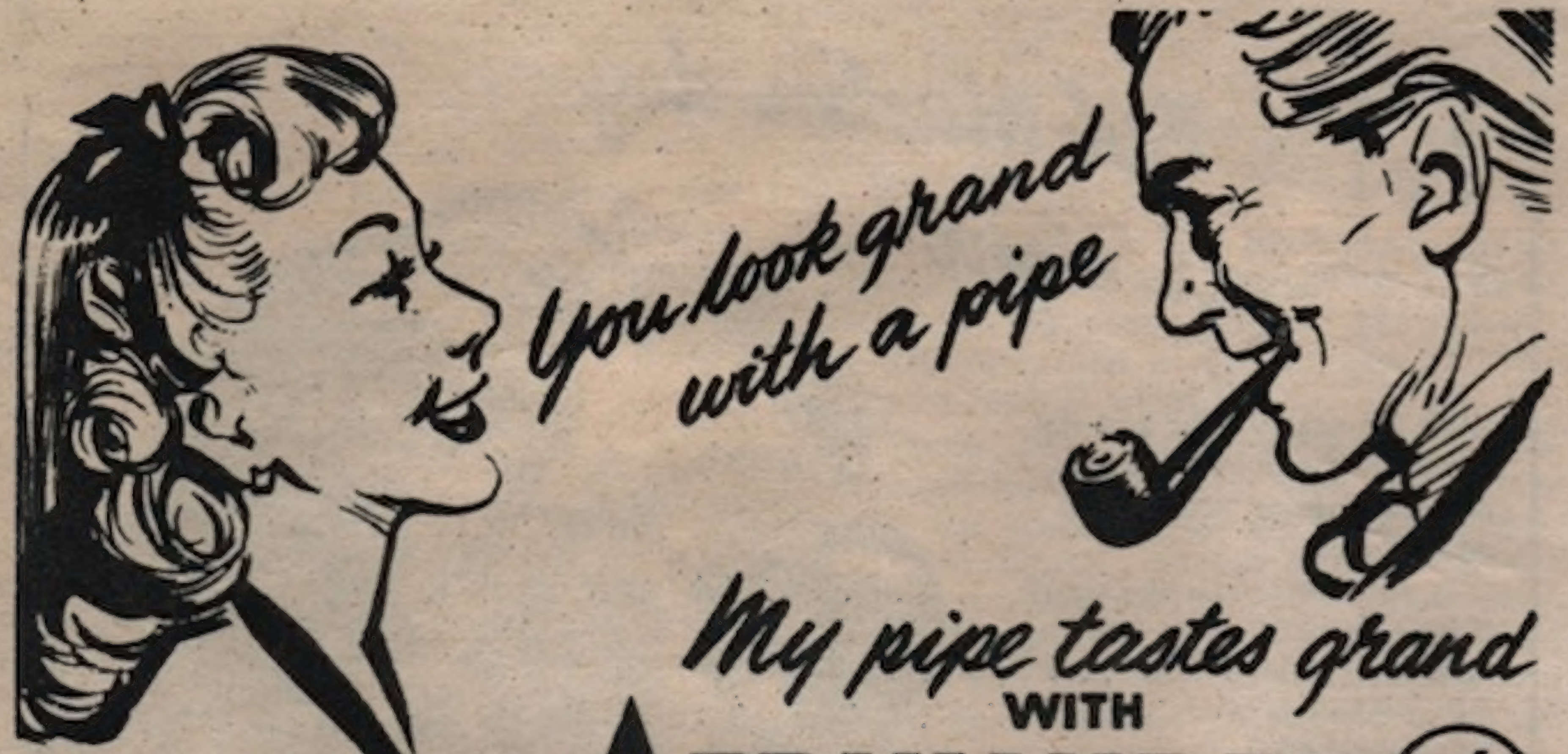
THE SCIENTIFIC EYE LOTION

THANKS TO GOOD BRITISH FARMING



IN THE WHITBREAD Hop Gardens at Paddock Wood in Kent deft hands train the hop bines so that from the warmth and moisture of good weather both growth and quality are gained. With good hops and good malt there goes into every Whitbread brew something of a prized tradition—which is so surely reflected in the taste.

Beers brewed by
WHITBREAD
Naturally


You look grand with a pipe
My pipe tastes grand

WITH
AFRIKANDER
3/7 PER OZ

Relief from

INDIGESTION

THANKS TO

MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

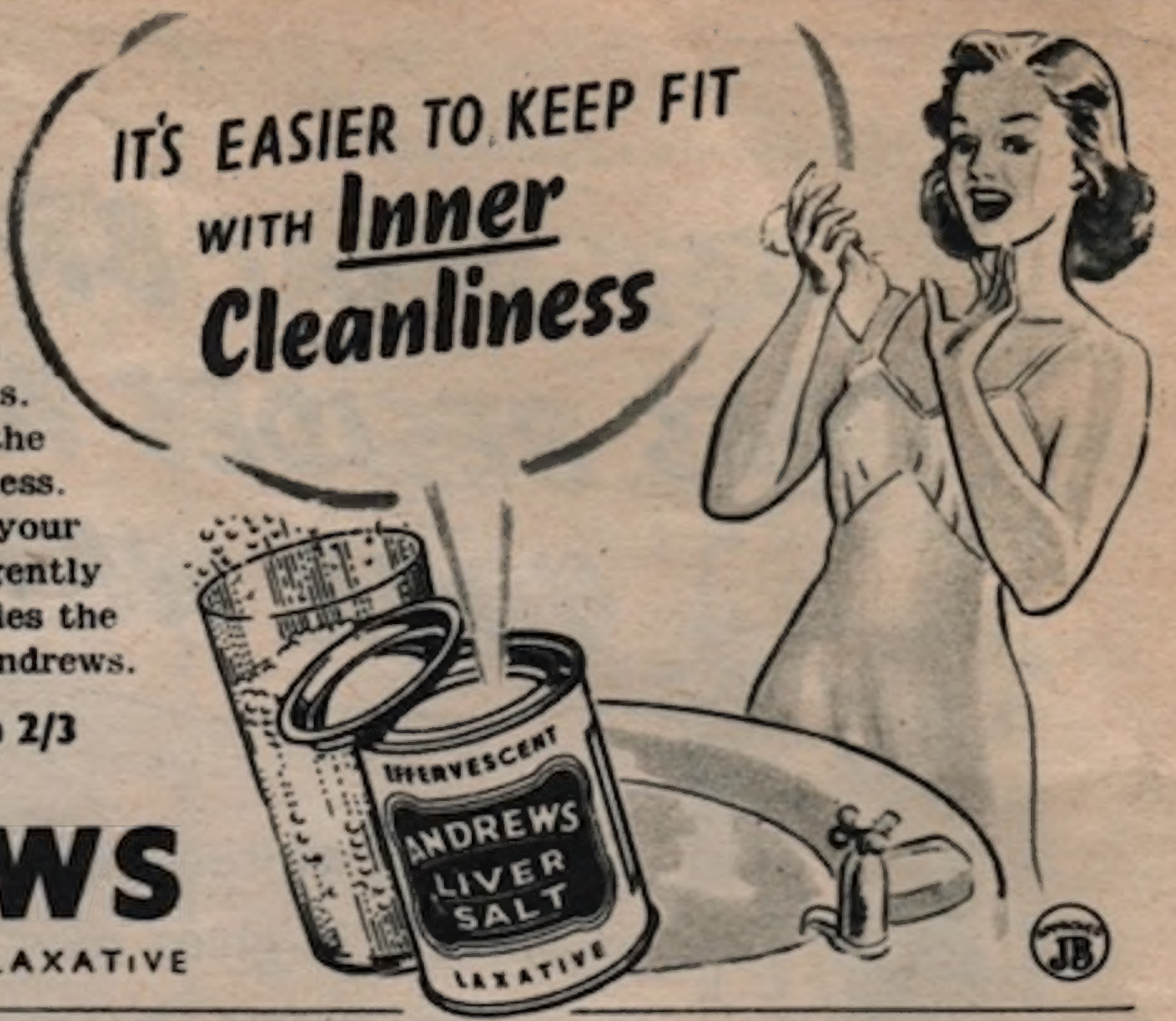
The wide popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of its efficacy in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Price 2/10 & 6/8
Also in Tablet Form
Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets. Price 1/8 & 2/10 and in Handy Packet Pack 10d.
Only genuine if signed—"ALEX C. MACLEAN"

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Alex. C. Maclean

6117-29


IT'S EASIER TO KEEP FIT WITH Inner Cleanliness
EFFERVESCENT
ANDREWS LIVER SALT
LAXATIVE

FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.
NEXT: Antacid in action. Andrews settles the stomach corrects digestive upsets.
THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.
FINALLY: To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the system and purifies the blood. Be *regular* with your Andrews.

4 oz. tin 1/3 8 oz. tin 2/3
weights guaranteed

ANDREWS

REFRESHING · TONIC · LAXATIVE

TAMPAX IS WORN INTERNALLY—INVISIBLY! YOU CAN WEAR WHAT YOU LIKE—THAT MEANS FREEDOM FOR ACTION!

TAMPAX IS FAR MORE COMFORTABLE, MORE CONVENIENT, MORE HYGIENIC! NEVER A CHANCE OF EMBARRASSMENT!

IT'S SO DISCREET, SO NEAT! SO CONVENIENT TOO, AND IT GIVES YOU COMPLETE PROTECTION!

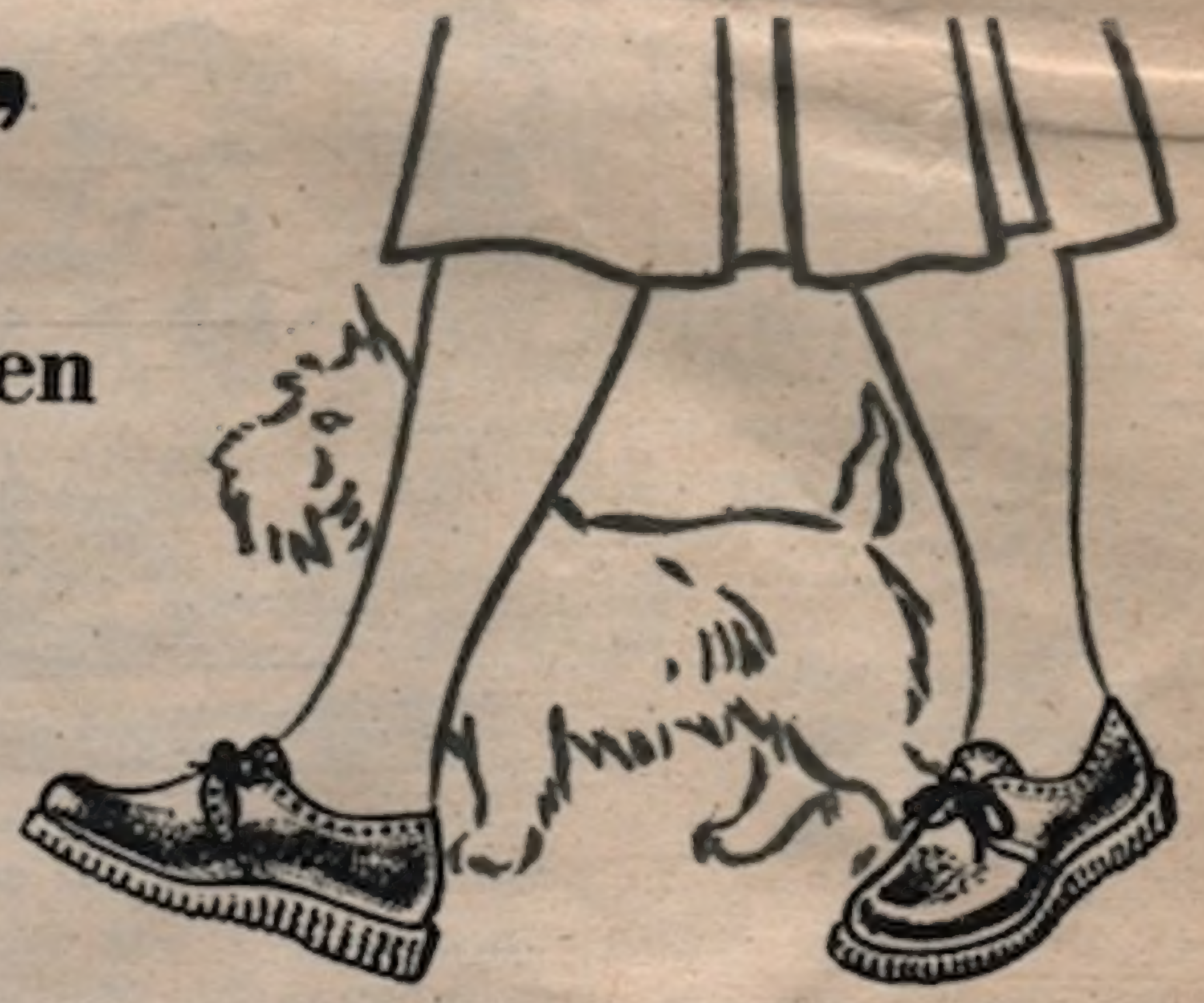
Modern women find *so many* reasons for using Tampax—it means freedom in *so many ways!* And apart from the freedom it brings, it's so simple to use, so safe, so *sure.* And *far* more hygienic. No wonder women bless the doctor who invented it! *And remember, it costs no more than less-modern methods!*

TAMPAX *SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY*

Regular Tampax No. 1: Super Absorbent Tampax No. 2: in 10's—1/9 and 2/-. And in economical 40's packs—6/6 and 7/6

'Oral'

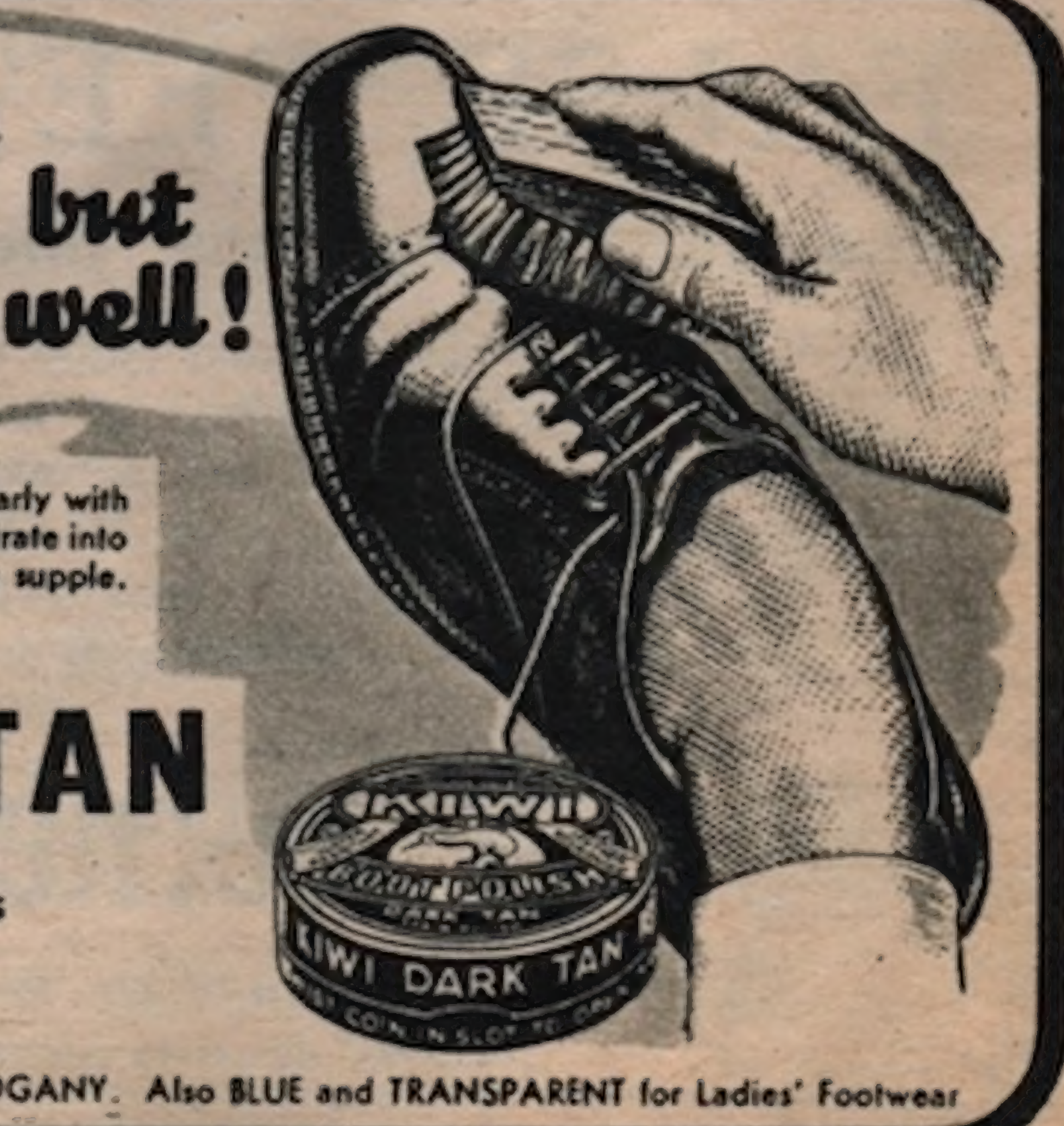
Shoes for women



give one a feeling of being shod in excellent taste. At the same time they are extremely comfortable. *Ask for them by name.*

'Oral'- ***Makers of good shoes*** - Rushden. Northants.

They're well worn- but they've worn well!


KIWI BOOT POLISH DARK TAN
KIWI DARK TAN

—and it's no coincidence that shoes polished regularly with KIWI retain their smartness longer. KIWI waxes penetrate into the leather—nourishing it and keeping it perfectly supple.

-thanks to

KIWI DARK TAN
KIWI BLACK
and all other Stain Polishes

Per 8d. Tin

Other popular KIWI colours—
TAN, MID-TAN, BROWN, OX BLOOD and MAHOGANY. Also BLUE and TRANSPARENT for Ladies' Footwear

Politburo briefs Vishinsky through Molotov. Seen with Vishinsky at Paris Big Four talks is uniformed General Chuikov, Russian chief in Germany

Men who give Vishinsky his orders

by *EDWARD CRANKSHAW*

Whatever Vishinsky's line at a conference, it's sure to echo Politburo policy. The Politburo, though, is not just Stalin's rubber stamp. Its members are ambitious, powerful men of varying personality. And they don't always agree among themselves

TO DESCRIBE the Politburo is really to describe the Government of the Soviet Union. For this formidable and supremely powerful body of men is not a kind of omnipotent secret society functioning in total isolation from the Russian people, as most of us seem to believe.

Nor is there any particular mystery about its working.

Russians in authority always manage to surround the detail of their lives, their daily actions and their mental processes, with impenetrable secrecy; but the broad lines on which they work are usually clear enough. And, indeed, much of the mystery about the Politburo has been manufactured by Left Wing sympathizers with the Soviet Union who for so long tried to conceal the fact that the Communist dictatorship was the real Government of Russia.

The Russians themselves know better—all Russians.

They know as soon as they can walk that they are ruled by the Communist Party, working through the constitutional machinery. They know, moreover, that the Communist Party is ruled by its own Central Committee of seventy members (the Party has now between six and seven million). And they know that the Central Committee itself is ruled by its Secretariat and by three standing committees in more or less perpetual session: the ORGBURO for Party organization; the CONTROL COMMISSION for Party discipline; and the POLITBURO for policy.

Since the policy of the Party is the policy of the U.S.S.R., it follows that the Politburo in practice rules the U.S.S.R. in all its activities at home and abroad. It forms an absolute dictatorship. Its decisions are law and its temper is ruthless. But it does not derive its power from the empty air. It derives it from the Party.

There is nothing obscure about either the Central Committee as a whole or its three special standing committees which do the work. At each Party Congress there are new elections for the Central Committee, and each new Central Committee elects its own Politburo. The names of all concerned are made public in the official report of the Congress; and the only reason why the present membership is not quite clear is that there has not been a Party Congress since 1939, and many things have happened since then, including the co-opting of new members by the 1939 Politburo.

Soon, the much-delayed nineteenth Party Congress will be convened, and once again we shall know exactly who is who.

We know most of them already, and we should not imagine that these will change. Theoretically the Party can throw overboard the whole of its existing Central Committee, including Stalin himself, and elect an entirely new one.

In practice things do not work like that. It is perfectly true to say that Stalin and his tried group of colleagues and supporters owe their original supremacy to the Party, but now that they are in the saddle, with the army and the police as their instruments, no power could throw them collectively out—if only because they see to it that the Party is packed with their own supporters.

On the other hand, the weight of Party opinion could very well bring about the eclipse of individuals on the Central Committee and, even more important, force the Politburo to pay attention to its opinion in framing its policy. More than once in the last twenty years pressure from below (usually hostile public opinion reported upwards from the lower ranks of the Party) has caused the Politburo to change its line abruptly. There is nothing to stop it doing so again.

The normal membership of the Politburo consists of ten or eleven full members and three or four so-called candidate members, who attend all meetings and may speak but are not allowed to vote.

Six months ago there were eleven members and three candidate members, Bulganin, Kosygin and Shvernik. But first the death of Zhdanov last August and then the disappearance of Voznessensky (who was removed from his official posts and presumably also from the Politburo in March of this year) left vacancies in the full membership which have been filled by the promotion of Bulganin and Kosygin. Whether Shvernik is also now a full member is not yet known. Also not known are the new candidate members who must have been appointed.

Roughly speaking the existing Politburo may be broken up into categories of seniority. Nevertheless, we shall see that some of the newer men are already superseding in practical importance

VOROSHILOV, old stager who shares Stalin's personal secrets

VOZNESSENSKY, whose sacking shattered unanimity myth

certain members of the old inner ring, the Elders, as they have been called.

After Stalin himself come these Elders: Andreyev, Kaganovitch, Mikoyan, Molotov and Voroshilov. They have been with Stalin since the early days of his struggle for power.

Andrei Andreyevitch ANDREYEV (54) is responsible for carrying out all agricultural policy, often in the face of active opposition from the peasants. In this thankless task his natural heavy-handed brusqueness is an asset; the Russian peasant in an awkward mood could break the heart of a more sensitive man.

Lazar Moseyevitch KAGANOVITCH (55) is the opposite of Andreyev in almost every way. The only Jew left in the Politburo, and Stalin's brother-in-law, his mind is swift and intense and he has a genius for translating theory into action.

Before the war he revolutionized the Soviet railway system (giving it, incidentally, some of the finest goods rolling-stock in the world, with the 40-ton truck as its basis) and had come to stand for the break-neck development of heavy industry. His hardest task since the war has been the re-establishment of a working government in the Ukraine, his homeland, where, after the German retreat, the traditional separatist movement, together with the ruin of the countryside and the disastrous harvest of 1946, had produced a state of more than incipient revolt against Moscow.

Anastas Ivanovitch MIKOYAN (54) is probably the best known Soviet leader to the world at large by virtue of his position as the dictator of Soviet trade. His brilliance, elegance and humour, contrasted with the dourness of certain of his colleagues, has made him something of a legendary figure. It is to Mikoyan that the people of Russia owe the rapid Americanization of their industry.

Vyacheslav Michaelovitch MOLOTOV (59) really needs no introduction—except to say that to all appearances he is still No. 2 to Stalin, whom he has served so well for the last thirty years. Furthermore, he is a great deal more flexible in outlook, when flexibility seems to him to be called for, than most people suppose.

Klimenty Yefremovitch VOROSHILOV (68) is Stalin's only contemporary left in the Politburo. He owes his position above all to his long-standing intimacy with his master, whose worst secrets he shares; but he also serves as a figure-head representative of the armed forces. The Red Army in its early days owed a great deal to him.

Man To Watch

So much for the old inner council of the 1939 Politburo. The next category consists of comparatively new members who have so convincingly made their weight felt that already the voices of some of them count as much, if not more, than the voices of the Elders. The two outstanding men in this category are Beria and Malenkov.

Lavrenti Pavlovitch BERIA (50) counts high because he controls the whole apparatus of State Security including the Secret Police, as well as all the manpower in the Labour Camps. In addition he is said to have been made responsible for the development of atomic energy in the Soviet Union.

Georgi Maximilianovitch MALENKOV (47) is incomparably the most powerful, tough and able member of the younger generation. He is very much the man to watch.

He is remarkable for the freedom of speech he permits himself (and is permitted) in lambasting the Party old stagers when he suspects them of getting into a rut, and on more than one occasion he has expressed his conviction that the time is ripe for an overhaul of the Party's approach to present realities.

It was he who, with Zhdanov, launched the Cominform, and it seems highly probable that at the next Party Congress he will succeed Zhdanov as the chief exponent of the Party line. It is a fairly safe bet that he is already one of the four biggest men in the Soviet Union, the others being Stalin, Molotov and Beria.

The All-rounder; The Plodder

Into this category of comparative newcomers who have risen at speed we must also include Nikolai Alexandrovitch BULGANIN (54), who recently handed over the Ministry of Defence to Marshal Vassilievsky. He was mayor of Moscow during the period of the capital's industrial expansion and was chairman of the State Bank, through which every conceivable activity in the U.S.S.R. has to be financed. He is an all-rounder with a genius for practical organization.

The remaining three are less easy to place. Nikita Sergeyevitch KHRUSCHEV (55) is the Party boss of the Ukraine, who seems to be a plodder without any startling qualifications. When the Ukraine ran into trouble after the war, Kaganovitch was sent out to do his job for him, and later handed it back in good working order.

Alexei Nikoleyevitch KOSYGIN (45), youngest of them all, has a special talent for reorganizing backward Ministries.

Finally, Nikolai Michailivich SHVERNIK (60) finds himself in the Politburo as the chief representative of the constitutional Governmental machine. As Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet he is the nominal head of the State, or "President of the U.S.S.R."—a purely figure-head position.

It seems to me one outstanding fact emerges from this catalogue: the Politburo is a committee of intensely active and overworked men, each with special tasks of immense magnitude, above all engaged in holding together a great and unwieldy country and forcing it forward at a breakneck pace towards industrialization and a fully mechanized agriculture.

As the supreme chiefs of the Communist Party it is for them to decide the broad policy of the country. As the overseers of whole groups of ministries it is for them to supervise the practical execution of their own joint decisions, as well as to take innumerable more specialized decisions on their own responsibility. It is on this level that the Politburo dovetails with the machinery of constitutional government—so closely that, in effect, they become identified.

For although the members of the Politburo deliberate as Party chiefs, they take action as Deputy Chairmen of the Council of Ministers.

The official Government of the U.S.S.R. is not the Communist Party at all, but the Supreme Soviet of the Union, a representative body of the people, elected by secret ballot, divided into two Chambers (the Soviet of the Union and the Soviet of Nationalities) and numbering some 1,300. This popular assembly meets for a few days about twice a year and merely ratifies past decrees promulgated by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet.

This Presidium consists of the President (Shvernik), a Vice-President for every constituent republic of the U.S.S.R. and twenty-four members. It appoints a Council of Ministers.

More Than Fifty Ministries

It is this Council of Ministers which forms the practical Government of the U.S.S.R. Since every aspect of life in Soviet Russia is managed by the State, plainly there must be far more departments of State than in any other country. Almost every conceivable activity has its Ministry, of which there are over fifty.

But in addition to the departmental Ministries, and sitting above them, are the Chairman of the Council of Ministers and a number of Deputy Chairmen. The Chairman, or Prime Minister, is Stalin himself. The Deputy Chairmen, or Deputy Prime Ministers, are some of his colleagues on the Politburo.

Thus, Kaganovitch, having with his colleagues of the Politburo arrived at the policy decision to construct three new steel works in five years in Asiatic Russia, then proceeds, as Deputy Prime Minister, to gather round him the Ministerial heads of all those departments of State likely to be involved in building a new steel works in an unpopulated area and outlines the tasks required of them. They, in turn, go off to their various Ministries to make detailed plans.

During the past few years there has been a steady withdrawal of the chief Party leaders from specific Ministerial posts. Thus Molotov no longer discusses his line in foreign policy with his Politburo colleagues and then appears in person to carry out that policy as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Instead, the policy line is threshed out at the Politburo and conveyed to Vishinsky as an order.

But almost certainly it is Molotov who conveys the order to Vishinsky and who, before that, having consulted with Vishinsky, presents the Foreign Office views to his colleagues in the Kremlin.

For the Politburo is very much a Kremlin affair. Its members are not to be found working in the Government offices scattered through the city. They live in their special Kremlin apartments behind the great red walls; they work there, too.

And nobody knows how often they meet formally in the special conference room and how often they meet casually in one another's rooms and arrive, between two or three of them, at decisions which may change the face of nations—though certainly such decisions are not carried out until the Politburo as a whole has been called together to discuss them.

Behind-scenes Conflicts

At such discussions, as far as can be gathered, there are frequently epic conflicts of opinion. But all questions are carried by a simple majority vote; and such is Communist discipline, once the majority has decided there can be no more discussion.

Thus, as far as the outside world is concerned, the Politburo is a unity—or almost. For not many weeks ago we were treated to an incident without a parallel for many years. Voznessensky, a full member of the Politburo, a Deputy Chairman of the Council of Ministers and the very powerful Chairman of the State Planning Commission, was relieved of his two official posts by decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet.

Since then he has not been seen at any of the public appearances of the Politburo; and, to all appearances, he has simply been dropped. That could only be because of inefficiency or because of a radical difference on a policy question—a difference in which Voznessensky found himself in the minority and refused to abide by the majority decision.

Voznessensky's case serves to show that behind that brazen front of unified power there is not a machine but simply a collection of gifted and ambitious human beings—human beings living and working in the Kremlin, taking time off only for official tours of inspection or to rush away in bullet-proof cars down the long straight military road to the charming country where their villas lie clustered, thirty miles from Moscow.

They work until all hours. They are harsh men, completely unscrupulous, who commit great cruelties in the course of their work.

But their prime work is running Russia, a country which all but defies decent government. They have far too much to do to spend interminable hours discussing how to scupper the West.

In their eyes Communist expansion must be almost a sideline—though bound up as they see it, alas, with the arduous task of making Russia invulnerable and self-supporting, and with the deep conviction that sooner or later (probably later) Moscow must be the centre of a Communist world.

EDWARD CRANKSHAW, writer of this article, has first-hand knowledge of Russia. He was with the British Military Mission in Moscow during the war, and has since revisited the country

DRESS THE BRIDE!

by DENNIS HOLMAN

The hirer-out of wedding dresses sometimes has to wrestle not only with pleats but with the personal problems that nervous brides-to-be confide to him

A PARCEL ARRIVES in the post for Ernest Beha. It is a little cardboard box, decorated with silver wedding bells. Mr. Beha weighs eighteen stone. He smiles sentimentally as he opens the gift of wedding cake and reads the dainty little card inside.

"Judy——" he muses. "Ah yes, of course! The little girl from Canterbury. Oh, she was beautiful!"

Judy had a white wedding, for which she hired her complete outfit from Ernest Beha—dress, headgear, veil, shoes, dresses for two bridesmaids and a suit for a pageboy. Like many of his customers she has written telling Beha about the event. Her piece of cake is the fifth received in a week and the 833rd from just over 5,000 brides he has dressed since starting his wedding dress hire service in June, 1945.

It all began quite by accident. A few years ago Beha was a reporter on a Sunday newspaper. One day the news editor sent him to cover a fashion show to get male reactions to new trends, and discovered in Beha a talent for criticizing women's clothes. Soon Beha was writing regular fashion articles and in time he was editing the whole of the women's page.

When the war broke out, he got a job as wardrobe manager at Gainsborough Studios, Shepherd's Bush; clothes rationing had come as a sudden blow to film production, and Beha was hired to organize a wardrobe "pool." Everything bought for a new film was put into stock and not sold off, as used to be the practice.

Then, when the choosing of dresses for a new film came to be done, the wardrobe supervisor first looked to see what was available in the "pool" before ordering anything new. It's hard to say how many pounds sterling were saved; but Beha reckons that, in five years of "pooling," the number of coupons saved was over 550,000.

Outside of films, other branches of the entertainment industry were also feeling the pinch of wartime clothing restrictions, and soon film "pool" dresses were to be seen on the stage in London and the provinces. E.N.S.A. became a regular customer, as also did R.A.F. and Army camp entertainment units all over the country.

Girl's Wish Came True

One June morning in 1945 an A.T.S. corporal came to return some costumes she had hired from the studio for a camp concert on a lonely ack-ack site in Yorkshire, and spotted the wedding dress worn by Joy Shelton in the film *Waterloo Road*.

She mentioned a girl in her unit who was getting married but had neither the time, coupons nor money to buy a white dress. "If only she could borrow that one," she said.

"Let her come down and try it on," said Beha. "If it is at all possible she shall have it—and a veil."

Things moved swiftly at the ack-ack site, and the very next day the girl came to try on the dress. It fitted. She wept with happiness and took it away and was married in white. The news got round. Waafs, Wrens and more Ats came to Beha for white wedding dresses, and soon he was lending dresses to nurses and Land Army girls as well.

"Dressing the Bride" had become a wholetime job and Beha broke away from the pool to set up an independent hire service in Wardour Street, London.

Beha's special line is a very personal contact with each customer. He asks about each wedding, where it is to be held and who will attend, and he advises accordingly, fussing over the bride-to-be, ordering a pleat here and a tuck there, wrestling over problems with her that often terrify a girl before the big day.

Beha will either sell an outfit or hire it out. The charge depends on what you want. Judy, for instance, wanted a dress that had never been worn before. Beha made her one to her design and measurements at a cost of £22 1s.

Judy paid a hire charge of £6 6s. (a guinea extra for a new dress), plus £1 1s. for the veil, £1 1s. for the headdress, 7s. 6d. for a pair of silver shoes, £4 4s. for two bridesmaids' dresses, and a pageboy suit for £1 5s. A total of £14 4s. 6d.

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

Ernest Beha gives final scrutiny. Maybe he'll get some of the cake

Whiteness Wears Off

The moment a dress returns from a customer it is sent to the cleaners. Cleaning is one of Beha's big overheads. It works out at about eight shillings a dress; but more important is the fact that it is the cleaning, not the wearing, of a dress that reduces its value for future hire. There's a limit to the amount of cleaning a dress will stand; the cloth loses its snowy whiteness until eventually the hire charges are down to £2 2s. and, soon after, it is cut up for under-garments and slips.

Beha's stock of wedding dresses exceeds 300. He has made most of these, copying Paris models and dresses worn by stars in films; and there are some he has acquired when buying up studio stocks and from girls who sell off outfits after getting married.

Not all the dresses are white. Some brides prefer to be married in a soft colour—like the girl bigamist who was married the first time wearing one of Beha's dresses and ordered pale blue slipper satin for her "second" wedding.

Another girl produced a yellow relic of a veil worn by her grandmother and wanted the dress to match. Beha made her a dress. Unfortunately, nobody else has wanted to hire it since.

Beha hires out about thirty evening dresses a week during the winter season; several customers who go out regularly pay a yearly fee of £30 for a different dress every week. There's good profit in evening dresses, but the job is delicate, tricky.

There is always the calamitous possibility of two identical dresses turning up at the same time and place. To guard against this, Beha keeps an index of functions dresses are booked for.

Beha's brides are usually very young. "But we get them all ages," says Mrs. Lavery, the wardrobe mistress. "Last week we even had a customer who said she was fifty-four. And she wanted to be married in white."

One client, Miss Irene Tritschler, flew out to marry an officer of the Tripolitania Police. She sent the dress back by air and wrote that when the natives set eyes on her—probably the first white bride they had even seen at the outpost—they fell on their faces.

Sometimes a wedding dress comes back with a photograph of the wedding, and something blue is found sewn into the bodice for luck. But now and then a little note of sadness is touched.

There was the girl from Jugoslavia who arrived in London to marry an English boy who had fought by her side as a guerrilla in the mountains with the partisan forces.

"She was the loveliest girl I've ever seen," Beha remembers. "She ordered her dress. A week later she came back and bought it outright. She wanted to keep the dress as a memento. The boy had died of influenza."

Difficult Fiancés

Beha is often presented with problems which involve more than a knowledge of wedding etiquette.

"Should I pander to my fiancé's whims when we're married?" one girl asked. "He takes three lumps of sugar in his tea. I think it's too much." "My fiancé chain-smokes. How should I break him of that habit?" was another question. And there was the girl who told Beha confidentially: "I'm marrying my boy friend to reform him. He spends too much on girls."

Beha is often invited to a wedding, and he goes whenever he can. He has made so many wedding speeches that his inspiration seems to have dried up. He now has a set speech memorized, which is adapted to suit all occasions.

A native woman once wrote from the Gold Coast saying that as Mr. Beha knew so much about brides he was sure to make a wonderful husband; would he consider the letter as a proposal of marriage? Beha replied to the effect that he was already married with four daughters.

Back came another letter from the Gold Coast: "No matter if you are married with four daughters. Over here you can have three wives." Beha has yet to answer that one.

For women with difficult figures, there's a range of outsizes. "But nothing," says Beha, "to fit the order from Bad Oeyenhausen. . . ."

It happened dramatically. A voice came on the phone: "Call from British Military Command, Germany." And after a pause another voice introduced itself as Corporal ——

The Eighty-four-incher

The corporal was among the first of the British soldiers cashing in on the lifting of the no-fratting ban in Germany. He had five days' leave, he said, and he was coming over to get a dress.

He arrived. Beha showed him the stock of dresses and looked at the German girl's measurements. "But eighty-four!" Beha said frowning. "There must be some mistake."

"No," said the soldier. "Eighty-four is right. Her mother and I measured her up in the kitchen. There's no mistake about that bust."

"But eighty-four!" Beha protested incredulously, trying to visualize some Teutonic giantess. "We've nothing in that size."

"You must have. She's just a normal girl—" and, pointing to Mrs. Lavery: "She's no bigger than that lady."

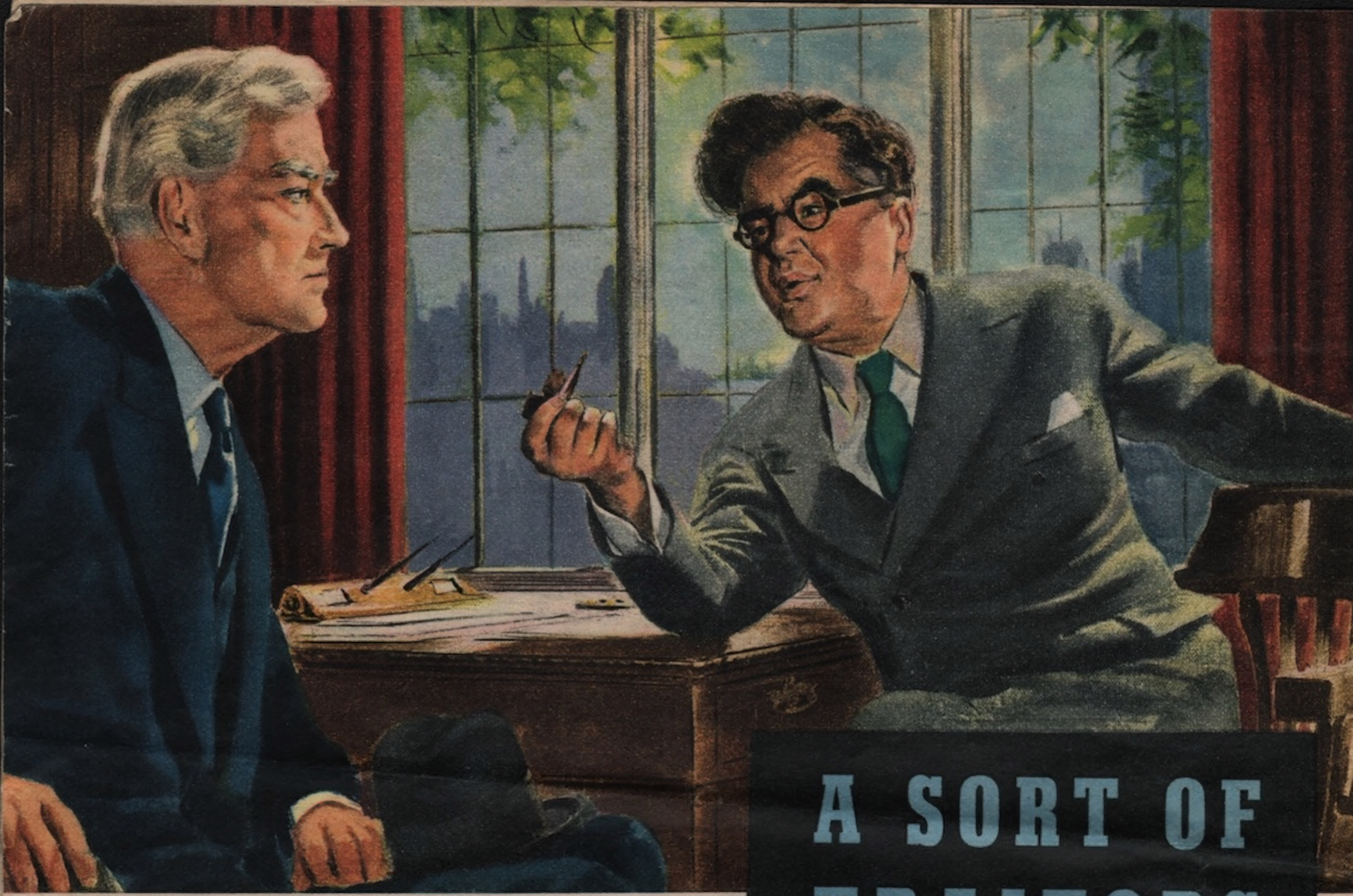
"I beg your pardon!" Mrs. Lavery drew herself up indignantly. "I can assure you my bust is not eighty-four inches."

"I didn't say inches," the corporal told them. "It's eighty-four centimetres."

A SORT OF TRAITORS

by NIGEL BALCHIN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON



"Look Professor," Gatling said. "Where will this get us? You're not a man who commits treason just to have his own way." Sewell went very pale

SOMEBODY ONCE SAID about genius that it was one part inspiration and nine parts perspiration. That held for the work in Professor Sewell's laboratory, too.

Certainly they were engaged on big stuff—even exciting stuff: the control of epidemics. But those millions of lives they were going to save as a result of their work seemed an awfully long way away from the thousand and one footling routine tests that had to be carried on, week in and week out.

Of course, it was necessary. They all understood it was necessary—Shole, the Prof.'s right-hand man; Bob Marriott, the rather adolescent young biologist who was trying to engineer an affair with his fellow worker Lucy Byrne; Lucy herself, an intelligent girl whose private life had been knocked cock-eyed when her fiancé, Ivor Gates, had come back from the war minus both arms. Now she lived with him, looked after him hand and foot, and had to put up with his jealous masochistic rage when she had a drink with Marriott and was a few minutes late in coming home.

But knowing that the work was essential didn't make it any more interesting. One day, they prayed, the Prof. would forget his old maid's caution and go ahead and publish the results they had sweated to find.

Sewell himself was a strange mixture of contradictions. A bit of an actor, he loved playing the distinguished scientist, gloried in being lionized. His private life, too, had gone haywire. As his daughter Mab told him, he toyed with other people's lives, kept himself only for his scientific work. He had left his wife long since, ruthlessly deciding that science was a full-time job with no hours to spare listening to inane chatter. But he was still fond of his daughter Mab, now married to a civil servant, Ralph Peach.

At last, even Sewell decided that publication could not be put off much longer. And, ironically enough, the very day that he hesitantly made his decision, the lab was blessed with a visit from Sir Guthrie Brewer, scientific adviser to the Government, accompanied by a scientific colleague, Dr. Childs.

There was little love lost between Sir G. and Sewell, who had no inhibitions about showing his monumental scorn for a man he considered to be a mere bureaucrat. But he allowed him to look around the lab.

And then the storm broke. For Sir Guthrie's visit wasn't one of academic curiosity. The stuff Sewell was producing might well save lives and curb epidemics, he said; but what would happen if it got into the wrong hands—into the hands of an enemy who wanted to reverse the process and start lots of bigger and better epidemics?

"Bunkum!" said Sewell.

But at last the truth began to sink in. If Sir Guthrie advised the Government that the work should be on the secret list, he wouldn't be able to publish it: no journal would dare to take it.

Sir Guthrie saw the sudden fanatical gleam in the professor's eye. "You'd better come and see my master, Sewell," he said quickly. "I can see you're—you're getting it all wrong."

PART II

Dinner With Mab

RALPH PEACH carefully measured a teaspoonful of powder into the glass, added water, and stirred steadily for about half a minute. Placing his left hand on his diaphragm he raised his eyes to the ceiling and slowly drank the mixture.

Mab said: "Strictly speaking, there should be a soft organ voluntary while you do that."

Peach washed out the glass, replaced it, put the bottle back in the cabinet, closed the door and then said: "Why?" in his deep, marzipan-rich voice. He threaded the black tie round the hard collar and began to tie it with slow, precise movements, tilting his chin so as to keep his pointed Imperial out of the way.

Mab looked at him in her dressing-table mirror and said: "You know Lucas will come in an ancient sports jacket that's through at the elbows?"

"I do."

"Then is it proper for the host to wear a dinner jacket?"

Peach stopped tying his tie and considered for some minutes in silence. Then he said: "Yes," and went on tying his tie.

"Your f-father is not a seeker of uniformity but of c-contrast."

Mab said: "How much do you hate having Lucas here?"

"I find him very stimulating." Peach stared at his reflection for a moment

Was it treachery to publish details of a drug that could save millions of lives? To Gatling, the Cabinet Minister, the answer was yes. To Sewell, the scientist, loyalty had a wider meaning. Thinking it over, Sewell knew he could do one of two things

and then passed a hand over his completely bald dome-like head. "My head," he said heavily, "dissatisfies me."

"What's the matter with it?"

"The surface is neither matt nor g-glossy. It should either be powdered to the one, or polished to the other."

"You could rub it up with a shammy leather, darling."

Peach said: "The more common and convenient way is to have it done by a b-bootblack. *He* sits in the chair and one kneels."

Mab swung round on her stool and said:

"Why don't you ever say things like that to Lucas? He'd like it."

Peach looked at her with his brown, mournful, cow-like eyes in silence for a moment. "Not in character," he said briefly.

"But that's the whole point. You say he thinks you're dull and a bore. But you deliberately go out to make him think so."

"I t-try to please," said Peach mildly.

"But it isn't fair to him. It means that he gets it all wrong and can't see why I married you and so on."

"I propose to provide your father with a bottle of drinkable claret, a reasonable cigar, a doubtful Armagnac. If, in the course of the evening, F-Flanagan feels the need of the platitudes of Allen, I shall supply them. I hope he will go away happily w-worried about your married life. I can do no more."

Mab said: "You despise Lucas, don't you?"

"I understand that he is the greatest biologist in the country."

"Yet you're quite wrong. Lucas is only to be despised over things that don't matter."

"As a civil s-servant, those are the only things I understand."

THE sherry was excellent, and Sewell drank it with appreciation. He was fond of wine, and Mab had always hoped it would be a bond between him and Ralph. But it wasn't. Without actually saying so, Sewell had always managed to imply that Peach's taste in wine was nothing to do with Peach—an accident of birth, background or environment, not exactly to his discredit, but certainly not to his credit.

Mab said: "Have you smoked your pipe yet, Lucas?"

"Pipe?" said Sewell vaguely. "Oh, *pipe*. Yes, marvellous. Best pipe I ever had, darling.'

"Liar. I'll bet you've never even unwrapped it."

"Then why ask me? Why make yourself an *agent provocateur* of a lie?" He turned to Peach. "Does she do that with you, Ralph? The business of asking a question so as to be able to contradict you? Maddening habit. More men cut their wives' throats for that than for any other single cause."

Peach thought for a while and said: "I don't smoke a pipe p-personally."

"Ah, I *see*," said Sewell, with his brightest smile. "Of course, if you don't *smoke* a pipe. . . ." The smile faded from his face and he leaned towards Peach confidentially. "Tell me," he said in a slightly hushed voice, "how is your indigestion?"

Peach looked at him with the mild, sorrowful brown eyes. "Variable," he rumbled. "It comes and it goes. It has been suggested that the t-trouble is psychosomatic."

"It is," said Sewell tensely. "Take my word for it. When I read medicine, if one had a belly-ache one had a belly-ache. But modern science has changed all that. Nowadays, if you have a belly-ache you can bet your boots it's really a headache."

"The body-mind equation . . ." said Peach helpfully.

"Exactly," said Sewell with joy. "The body-mind equation. What d'you take for it? A slide rule?"

"Just m-magnesia."

"Why 'just magnesia' in that tone? What's wrong with magnesia? You're not *ashamed* of magnesia, are you? I like to see a man who'll stand up for his own remedy against the world and——"

Mab said: "How's work, Lucas? How about those 5,000,000 lives you were going to save when I saw you last?"

Sewell drained his glass and put it down. "Oh, that? Yes—I wanted to tell you about that." He turned to Peach. "You've got a man in your outfit named Brewer," he said, accusingly.

"Brewer?"

"Yes. He advises people."

"What about?"

"Everything. He was a physicist who found there was no money in it."

"Oh—*G-Guthrie* Brewer?"

"Yes."

Sewell leaned forward. "Well, I want you to do something for me about him. Have him put in a bag with some bricks and drop him in the Thames. Can you arrange that?"

Peach considered. "No," he said at last. "You see, he's not in the T-Treasury."

"Oh: Pity." Sewell turned to Mab. "This Brewer turned up yesterday and asked to look at my stuff. Like a fool I let him: Now he's turned round and started some ridiculous nonsense about security."

"What sort of nonsense?"

"Oh, some song and dance about the stuff being valuable to a potential enemy."

"What did you do?"

"Told him to go to hell. So now he's gone off to talk to whoever it is he works for. The Lord President of the Council I think it is. Anyhow, it's some red-tape outfit or other."

Mab glanced at Peach. He was looking at Sewell with wide, grief-stricken eyes. He nodded fractionally without looking at her.

Mab said: "But *why*, Lucas? How does security come into it?"

HER father flung out a hand. "My dear, it's no good asking me. The whole thing's complete nonsense. There's a dozen years' work in that paper, and the basis for one of the biggest advances ever made in preventive medicine. But because Brewer and his politicians think it might have a remote application to the war they're so busy manufacturing——"

Mab suddenly said curtly: "Stop playing the fool, Lucas, and tell us about it. This is interesting."

Sewell looked at her angrily for a moment. Then he smiled "Very well," he said, wriggling round in his chair till he was facing her, with his back turned half to Peach. He closed his eyes and said: "What d'you want to know?"

"What's the paper about?"

"Bit difficult to say in a word. I suppose you'd call it the mechanism of epidemics. Have you ever wondered why, once an epidemic starts, it doesn't just go on and on until it wipes out the human race?"

"No. Why should it?"

A LITTLE irritably he said: "You're very like your mother in some ways. Anyhow, various other people *have* wondered about it. About a hundred years ago a chap named Farr worked out a formula to describe how a typical epidemic runs its course. It seems as though after a certain point infectivity begins to fall. In other words, the bugs find it more difficult to get going. Decadence sets in. Like the human race, only quicker. I'm sure this is boring Ralph."

"Well, what have you done about it? Made them get decadent quicker?"

"You really are absurdly like your mother. No. Just made life more difficult for them. You see, in certain conditions and in certain animals you get super-bugs. Still like the human race. Dictator bugs of great infectivity and great virulence that kill things off like flies. But also very occasionally you get a super-animal that even the super-bug can't kill. It produces something that enables it to fight the super-bug. Now, obviously, if an animal can fight the super-bug, the ordinary everyday bug is child's play to it."

Sewell paused for a moment and frowned slightly. "All we've done," he said with sudden impatience, "is to increase virulence as far as we can, find the animals that are resistant to the super-virulents, and breed from them, thereby getting exceptionally powerful antibodies."

"Nobody's done that before? I mean—it sounds fairly obvious."

"It is obvious. People have messed about with it a lot. But it's a bit tricky technically."

"*Could* it have anything to do with security?"

Sewell hesitated and frowned. His eyes were still closed. "I suppose it *could*. If anybody was crazy enough to look at it from that point of view."

"Had you always realized that?"

"Good God, no! Never entered my head."

"So they're right in a way? Brewer and people?"

Sewell opened his eyes. "Of course they're not, fool."

"Why not, if the stuff could be used——?"

"Because if we're so scared of our own skins that we can't give information of this kind to the world, the sooner we're wiped out and replaced by a more gutful lot the better." He sat up with finality, and turned to Peach. "D'you know the set-up? Who will Brewer go back to?"

"It's r-rather out of my line," said Peach doubtfully. "But as I understand it the Lord P-President has a Cabinet Committee on s-scientific development and Brewer is his adviser. P-Presumably he'll take it to them."

"What sort of a committee?"

"Oh, just a committee, you know. The Lord President and the L-Lord Privy Seal, and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and p-probably the Paymaster-General. Anybody who's got the t-time for that sort of thing."

"Anybody who's got the time. . . ." Sewell repeated bitterly.

He sat staring in front of him for a moment in silence. He suddenly looked very old.

Mab said quietly: "Supposing they back Brewer up and want to stop you from publishing?"

Sewell stared at nothing for a moment unseeingly. Then he smiled at her

Lucy leaned forward to examine his eye. Marriott tried a quick kiss

"I'm afraid we'll have to start afresh, Doris: we've been playing with only fifty-one cards"

brightly. "Then I shall go and see them and tell them they're crazy."

"And if——?"

"And if that doesn't do any good I shall go and throw a brick through the window of No. 10 Downing Street or parade up and down Whitehall carrying a sandwich board putting my point of view." He beamed round at them. "This is excellent sherry, Ralph. Could I have another half-glass?"

As the taxi drove away Mab closed the front door and said: "Look—I don't like this. All this vagueness and not knowing people's names or what the set-up is. It's complete bunkum, of course. He knows the whole thing backwards—all about the Lord President's committee and so on—and he thinks they're going to clamp down on his precious paper."

"From what he says, they p-probably are."

"Well, if they do, they don't know what they're starting."

She threw her cigarette irritably into the fire. "Who is the Lord President, anyway?"

"Gatling."

"What sort of person? Would Lucas get on with him?"

"Gatling," said Peach sonorously, "started life as an oil and colourman's traveller and has been t-travelling ever since. I don't know whether Lucas would get on with him. I don't know who Lucas is. But if they ever stopped gilly-gillying one another and talked, they *might* get on very well."

A DESK had been moved into the observation room so that Marriott could work, but the only things on it were *A Handbook of Epidemology* (closed) and an old copy of *Esquire* (open).

He had finished the fatigue test on the stationary bicycle, the infected flies had been attached, and now he was "under observation."

Marriott took his glasses off, stretched himself luxuriously, and began to polish the lenses slowly with his handkerchief. He felt slightly tired, and the calves of his legs were still stiff from riding the bicycle. But he felt very well and relaxed and comfortable. It reminded him of the feeling after a game of squash. You played until you were utterly exhausted and sick, and then you had a bath and changed, and for a few hours there was this wonderful feeling of well-being and peace. Particularly if you had won.

And he *had* won. He had looked at the flies fastened on his arm, and had gone on looking steadily for as long as he wanted to. And now it was over, and apart from the little red patches there was nothing left of it, and there was all life to live again.

He took a small square of mirror out of his pocket and squinted carefully at the corners of his eyes. It was difficult because the eyes kept moving.

Lucy came in and said: "Hallo. Lost your lipstick?"

Marriott swung round and said: "You know the answer to this is one hundred per cent lemon."

"Nothing at all?"

"Not a trace. Temperature normal. My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time. And not a sign of the eye inflammation. You know," he went on, "I can never do any work when I've got time. Whenever we do one of these isolation things I always think it'll be a grand chance to do some work in peace. And I never do it."

Lucy glanced at *Esquire*. It was open at a picture of a blonde with legs about five feet long, in a brassiere and knickers. She said: "You've been catching up with your anatomy, anyhow."

Marriott hesitated and then said very casually, "I think she's rather nice." He picked up *Esquire* and displayed the blonde. "Don't you think she's nice?"

"She's a rather odd shape—not a very *practical* shape, I mean. And somebody's blown her up with a bicycle pump in places. But she'd be all right if you only wanted her on the wall. Now I must do your readings."

"I've done them. Temperature normal. Pulse seventy-two."

"Lucy said: "I'd better do them again." She sat and stared at him with the greeny-brown eyes while he had the thermometer in his mouth.

Her eyes searched his face as though she was looking at an object, not a person. She took the thermometer out and said: "It isn't normal. It's a quarter of a pip under. Pulse."

Her fingers were very light and slim on his wrist. Marriott said hoarsely: "Your hands are warm now. Usually you say they're cold."

She had her head down looking at her watch, and she did not look up until she had finished. Then she said: "I make it *eighty-two*, not seventy-two."

"What an extraordinary thing," said Marriott sarcastically.

"You said no eye inflammation?"

"No. But you'd better look."

She hesitated and said: "All right. Turn round to the light."

Her eyes were very close to his but not meeting them. She put out a finger and gently drew the lid aside. As she did so Marriott leaned forward and kissed her somewhere between her top lip and her cheek.

She drew back a little way and shut her eyes for a moment, like somebody who had suddenly been licked by an affectionate puppy. But when they opened they were still looking intently at the corner of his right eye. She said calmly: "Not a thing, as far as I can see." Marriott put his arms out quickly but she turned very slightly to avoid him and said with a little smile: "Well, if there is a sub-infection it's very sub indeed." It was an entirely friendly smile.

Marriott said: "What *is* affected is my libido. When I get out of here——"

Lucy said: "It comes of spending your time looking at pictures of blondes. Doc. ought to let you out tomorrow."

SHOLE stood with his short legs planted rather wide apart and read the letter. It seemed to take him a long time. When he had finished he put it back on Sewell's desk and nodded without comment.

"Well?" said Sewell.

Shole rubbed his chin. "Pity," he said briefly.

Sewell picked up the letter, tore it into small pieces, and flung it into the wastepaper basket. He said: "I was a bloody fool ever to let him come near the place." His voice was shaky.

"I don't think it's anything much to do with Brewer," said Shole reasonably. "He only took what Childs told him."

"It's Brewer who's made the fuss."

"Well . . . that's his job, isn't it? I mean, if the security people think——"

Sewell jumped up so suddenly that his chair went over backwards with a crash. He said: "The bloody impudent. . . ."

Shole picked the chair up and stood it on its legs. He said: "I don't think it gets us anywhere to lose our tempers."

Sewell stood for a moment in silence. He was a very big man and he seemed to be quivering all over. Suddenly he dropped his hands limply to his sides and said: "All right. Then we won't lose our tempers. What *shall* we do?"

Shole reflected. "Might be worth while to go and see the Minister. I doubt if you'll get any change, but it's up to you. Apart from that, it's a matter of—of detail. There are some bits of the thing that they can't be interested in. They might agree to those being published separately."

Sewell was silent.

"And then again—this business about our getting together with Childs and his people. I don't know what you think of that?"

"What do you?"

Shole frowned. "Well . . . personally I don't think it's quite in my line. During a war it's different. Everybody must do what he can. But in peacetime—even this sort of peacetime—it seems rather a waste trying to work out how somebody might give people typhoid or anthrax or what have you. Plenty of people get them already."

Sewell passed his hand over his eyes and said: "I'd give anything for your capacity for understatement." He raised his head. "But the main point is: are we going to lie down and let these lunatics stop our paper—the paper that's got twelve years of first-class experimental work in it—that——?"

"What else can we do?" said Shole, with a trace of impatience. "They're the bosses when it comes to the point. If they want to stop you they can, and we may as well face it."

"And you're prepared to accept that?"

"I don't see what you're getting at."

"You're prepared to accept that Brewer is the boss? Our boss?"

"It isn't anything to do with Brewer."

"Then some precious committee that knows damn-all about it?"

There was a moment's silence.

"This is all rather out of my depth," said Shole rather helplessly. "I'm a scientist, not a politician. I may think this is wrong. But there are a lot of other things that I think are wrong and I don't do anything about them. They're not my business, and I don't understand them. If the people who know about security and the political situation and so forth think this paper shouldn't be published, then I've got to take their word for it, just as they'd have to take mine about the proper pH for a culture. After all—we've got to trust somebody."

THE Lord President of the Council wore a soft-collared shirt with a bright green tie in a rather large knot. His hair, which was beginning to grey now, was very thick and rather shaggy, and his old double-breasted suit was buttoned up so that it was strained across his thick body in creases.

Privately, he had a passion for neatness. But he had been before the public now for twenty-five years in those clothes, and like the old-fashioned package of a popular brand of cigarettes, the soft collar and the big tie and the old suit had a goodwill value that forbade change. Once he had dressed like that because he couldn't afford anything else. Now, as a prominent Minister of the Crown, he still couldn't. In fact, the total effect was oddly impressive.

Myers, his private secretary, and Sir

Continued on page 22

Nigel Balchin's "A Sort of Traitors" is the Book Society Choice for June, the second John Bull serial to have this honour. The first was "The Jacaranda Tree" by H. E. Bates

Family holiday on the river

by JOHN PUDNEY

I began the first day with a stern lecture on how not to fall in. . . . On our second day afloat we encountered domestic problems. . . . By the seventh day we felt we had become Thames veterans

Mrs. Pudney edges *Lasta* into a lock. There's pageantry and glamour in a Thames trip but mooring can be a worry

ON THE FIRST EVENING we established ourselves in the boat with all the cheerful trepidation of the British family that knows that it is in for a ducking. The weather forecast was foul. So we began by making every possible provision for seven days' rain.

The Thames is not a bad all-weather river. Except in the built-up areas, nature provides shelter nearly all the way from Middlesex to Gloucestershire. The lushness of the Thames Valley takes kindly to riverside trees and undergrowth which, admirable for its beauty and as a home of swan and heron, also offers a natural chain of covered moorings.

Thames boat-hirers have also done their best. Both for rowing-boats and for punts, they dispense covered-wagon-like canvas hoods. Any holiday without these unsightly contraptions in a self-propelled boat is madness.

Headroom Before Beauty

This year, out of consideration for my own middle age and for the tender years of my children, we hired the petrol-driven cruiser *Lasta* (Jugoslav for Swallow) for seven days. She is a converted L.C.P.S., which means that she was designed for war service for the carriage of stretcher cases.

We did not choose her because of her looks, though she has a prim, snug beauty in her blue and white paint. My only demand of a water holiday is how to live through a wet day. *Lasta* met that by offering headroom.

Lasta costs from £15 to £20 a week, according to season, and provided us with Calor gas cooking, electric lighting, a tapped water supply, two cabins to live in, a galley, lavatory and steering cockpit which is covered in. You pay for your petrol; and this year they seem to be able to provide enough for a cruise of two or three hundred miles.

Fitting a family into a boat is a painful course of trial and error. That first evening of our expedition was accompanied by a constant tattoo of thumping and banging. The ordinary household movements do not fit into a boat.

Elbows, knees, shins and the tops of youthful heads suffered in turn. If all this could happen in one evening inside a boat, we asked ourselves what would be the casualties on the morrow on deck when we began to move.

With this in mind, I began the first day with a stern lecture on how not to fall in, and on what to do when nature gets the better of human equilibrium and you do fall in Within thirty minutes I reached for a rail which was not there, danced a few involuntary steps which would have done credit to Danny Kaye, and fell in myself.

Nothing could have been more salutary to my applauding family than this practical demonstration. None of them fell in during the course of the trip.

There are forty-six locks between Teddington (the largest on the river, accommodating a tug and six barges) and St. Johns (called after the medieval Knights of St. John, who ferried wounded all the way up to Gloucestershire).

Each one of them has a lockkeeper. Now there is a certain tradition lingering upon the Thames that lockkeepers, like gamekeepers, are of a surly disposition. This is because the nature of their office puts them in a position of authority—to be exercised often between early morning and sunset of a summer's day.

Suffer Fools Gladly

Our experience showed them to be the most human of officials, most kindly to fools, of whom they see a good many—and, though they rarely speak of the matter, their lifesaving records are collectively most impressive.

Theirs is a curiously seasonal existence. In the long winters, during which there is only a trickle of traffic upon the river, they lead solitary lives. When the flood waters rise round their little houses (they always live within a few yards of their locks) they may be cut off from neighbouring communities for days at a time. Many of them are islanders. All of them live with the sound of the weir water constantly in their ears. Most of them are Naval men.

Every summer brings a complete change to their way of life. They become public figures, serving, policing and taking care of thousands of people each week. The Thames Conservancy, which controls the whole of the Thames above Teddington, pays them between eighty shillings and 123 shillings a week, providing housing accommodation and uniforms.

They are free to augment their income by selling teas or garden produce. They must be married men, for theirs is a domestic venture. A lockkeeper has to be on the job all round the clock, and somebody must be there all round the clock to feed the lockkeeper.

Formerly the Thames locks were evidently private enterprises. The names of individual owners or lockkeepers are still marked on the maps, for example at Boulter's Lock and Day's Lock.

The Thames Conservancy régime, in our own time, causes no standardization either in the individuality of the locks themselves or of their keepers. Quite the most stimulating adventure of our first day's journey was to meet six of them. We found they took to us a little when we spoke of *starboard* and *port*.

One of them mentioned that he had done 231 locks in a single Sunday in early summer. We discovered also that most lockkeepers welcome a little amateur help, for operating a Thames lock single-handed is a strenuous business, not the least part of which is the accountancy. The toll for a small boat is 6d. return.

Our second day found us already experiencing the fattest pastures, the most fertile soils, the most spectacular woodlands and the fairest hills. We also encountered domestic problems.

In spite of the fact that the Thames has been used as a waterway for a thousand years, the provisioning of a water journey is not easy. Every evening forces upon the waterborne housewife the choice of tying up in urban surroundings or of finding herself in a mooring, quiet and delectable in itself, but offering none of the immediate necessities such as bread and milk.

Windsor Castle, seen from solitary water-meadows, is one of the most majestic sights in Britain, but we found out that it was also necessary to tie up in very humdrum moorings at Windsor Bridge in order to make sure of a day's rations.

Got Quite Jaunty

By the third day, the young no longer bruised themselves and we had all taken on the jaunty air of those born and bred upon the water.

We had been sailing for three days armed to the teeth against every trick which could be played by an English summer, only to be surprised by that fair weather which is kept to taunt the heavily waterproofed. We had encountered by this time thousands of pounds' worth of launches and cruisers, and we had seen every Tom, Dick and Harry enjoying the river in as many rubber dinghies, home-made boats and collapsible canoes.

What does it cost to use the Thames? The short answer is that it has never cost so much that the humblest may not enjoy it, but that it can cost the earth for those with money to spend.

Every boat-owner contributes to the cost of the upkeep of the upper river. The annual registration fee, paid to the

Thames Conservancy (for which you receive a plate like the licence holder of a motor car), is thirty shillings for a rowing boat or a canoe, four pounds for a petrol launch and two pounds for a steam or electric launch not exceeding twenty feet in length.

The hire of boats varies according to local custom. In some places a skiff costs as little as one and sixpence per hour; in others it may cost as much as six shillings an hour, particularly on a public holiday. One postwar development is the fleet of drive-yourself motor boats, which cost about ten shillings an hour and are not unlike four-seater baby cars.

From Folly Bridge, Oxford, to Kingston Pier, the Salters steamers ply the through journey, taking two days. These leisurely and comfortable boats can be joined at any lock or regular stopping-place. They will also stop on being hailed, and passengers can be ferried out to join them at any place on the river.

It is not difficult to be afloat upon the Thames whatever your means, but it is increasingly difficult to find places to tie up or to land.

On the third evening we had passed our last lock for the day (you cannot pass them after sunset). It was a typical Thames evening, full of the sounds of water and of waterbirds. We chugged along feeling at peace with the world and looking for a berth for *Lasta*.

But upon every side in that reach we were greeted by notices framed in varying degrees of politeness warning us against mooring or landing. Our only hope in the end was to push on to the next lock for a friendly welcome.

Ribbon-developed Banks

The two hundred-odd miles of the River Thames is in danger of becoming a built-up area from which the river user is excluded. Riverside villages and even towns have neglected to provide themselves with adequate mooring and landing stages. The banks themselves, privately owned, have been ribbon-developed to a prodigious extent within the last twenty-five years. Surely every riverside community, in its own interests, should provide some decent and, if possible, secluded resting places for the waterborne visitor.

Our fourth day began with one of those childish questions which lie in ambush for the unwary adult. The Thames has always been a navigable river throughout most of its length. But in the days before there were such craft as *Lasta*, with thirty-horsepower engines, how did heavy freight manage to get along?

The towpath, which is a matter nowadays of more interest to hikers than to those who desire to be towed up the Thames, is not entirely continuous. From Putney to Lechlade, it has existed since the Middle Ages, but the arrival of self-propelled craft in the nineteenth century caused parts of it to fall into disuse.

In 1947, there was a conference of thirty-eight local authorities to discuss the prospects of converting 136 miles of towpath between Teddington and Cricklade into a public riverside walk. The Thames Conservancy Board owns only eighteen and a half miles of the total length, and the cost of clearing parts of the towpath now privately owned, putting it into order and preserving it with a width of twenty-five feet, is estimated to be £50,000 a year. This is a large sum and it seems as if some of the local authorities are jibbing at it, but, if the Thames is to be preserved as a national resort, this age-old right of access should surely be re-established.

Our fifth day afloat found us well into Oxfordshire, and in those less-frequented reaches I realized what an education in social history we had steamed through.

The cult of living near the Thames is fairly recent. The grander mansions of the past withdrew themselves from the stream. Some, such as Bisham Abbey, near Marlow, turned their kitchen quarters to the river, showing their fair frontage only to the surrounding hills.

The Pudney children were soon at home. Tessa and Charlotte on deck

Many of the Georgian mansions, such as Basildon or Harleyford Manor, stand upon eminences, keeping a dignified distance. Outside London, in fact, you will find few Georgian buildings which enjoy the now popular direct access to the river.

The aquatic sport which appealed to the eighteenth century was usually angling. A monument to this fashionable taste is the charming twin building on Monkey Island, close to Bray, built by the second Duke of Marlborough.

The western of the two temples, now part of an hotel managed by Eric Anderson, the actor, was the Duke's fishing headquarters. The frescoed ceiling of his dining-room, now being restored, was lavishly embellished with monkeys, which gave the place its name.

The easterly temple, now embodied in a charmihg house in private occupation, was a gaming-room. Presumably the servants camped in tents.

The idea of living on the river gained strength among the wealthier classes in the nineteenth century and in the brief splendid period preceding the first World War. Our voyage provided a museum of Victorian fancy and Edwardian caprice.

There is D'Oyley Carte Island, near Shepperton Lock, with a mansion architecturally influenced, and no doubt financed, by ***The Mikado***. There is the Victorian - Gothic cottage - mansion on Magna Carta Island (now occupied by Sir Patrick Hannon, M.P.) which belongs so completely to the period of the Prince Consort.

Minarets To Bungalows

Just below Marlow there is a masterpiece of drollery—a miniature castle with sham battlements jutting out over the water's edge. Between Bray and Boveney there is Oakley Court, built in the style of a Rhine castle.

But anywhere along the river you may observe cupolas, minarets, spires, châlet gables, saints in stucco, animals, goblins, and reproductions of masterpieces in plaster. In their public privacy, the wealthy let themselves go.

From the turn of the century onward, they were followed by less wealthy but still substantial enthusiasts who ribbon-developed miles and miles of the banks with a fantastic row of bungalows. I find that there is nearly everything to deplore in the architecture of these fanciful structures.

Nevertheless, I constantly find myself admiring the very starkness of their individuality and the sheer daring of their vulgarity.

Moreover, at this time of year, it is the little gardens of the small houses along the banks of the Thames, clamouring against one another with individual patterns, which offer certain proof of the green-fingered qualities of the British.

The most recent of newcomers, overflowing from the second World War, have produced architecture more bizarre and altogether less civilized. Shack villages and caravan camps have sprung up in water meadows. Hundreds of ex-Service vessels of all shapes and sizes have been sold up the river. Given time, energy, enough paint and enough social sense, these communities may ultimately fit into the scenery.

As for the larger houses, fewer and fewer of them remain in private hands. Cliveden, the Astor home, towering above its majestic woods, still offers its apron of neat lawns and all the well-kempt appearances of private ownership. Bisham Abbey, with its huge refectory hall of the Knights Templar, has started a new and useful lease of life, having been loaned by its owner to the Central Council of Physical Recreation.

Some historic mansions and Victorian homes have become institutions, hotels and clubs. Others are at this moment undergoing the throes of change.

This half-century has brought at least one new emphasis in the pleasures of the Thames. That is love of water for its own sake. I thought of the contrast between my own first venture in a punt at Datchet, dressed in a sailor suit, in the reign of George V, and the two-swims-a-day routine of our present voyage in *Lasta*.

Runnymede As Lido

My father farmed riverside land for the best years of his life, yet it never occurred to him, or to any of his men, to learn to swim. Hikers, bikers and day trippers who descend upon the river in these days are tempted out of their clothes and into the water at the slightest sign of temperance in the weather.

The most vivid illustration of the Thames as a lido is, I think, upon the historic green meadowland of Runnymede. A sensible local authority has built diving-boards and provided refreshment places. During any summer weekend, thousands populate these meads, stripped and happy in the sun.

As veterans of seven days on the river, we learned many things, not the least of them being to respect the privacy of swans. There are 700 to 800 of these birds on the river, according to official reports. We must have met quite half of them and these encounters convinced us that they are at their most handsome at a distance.

Swans, however, belong to a tradition of the river and the care of them still provides one of the most colourful annual incidents upon the Thames. This July, His Majesty's Swankeeper, F. T. Turk, will set out from the outskirts of London, rowed by three men, on a three-day voyage up-river to carry out his duty of swan-upping. He will be accompanied by the respective keepers of the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies. Their task is to mark all the young swans—for every swan is owned by one of the three authorities.

The King's men wear red jerseys, the Dyers' blue jerseys and the Vintners' white jerseys. As they all aproach Windsor, the Vintners' men and the Dyers' men draw aside to enable the King's Swankeeper to make a triumphal progress between them.

They raise their oars and give three cheers for the King as Turk, in his blue uniform, is rowed between them. It is a simple ceremony, but one entirely appropriate in its historic setting.

It's Still Glamorous

We parted with *Lasta* beneath cloudless skies, going ashore incongruously loaded with the waterproofs and sou'westers which were our insurance against rain. We had covered in our leisurely there-and-back trip some three hundred miles of the fairest countryside and the sprightliest suburbia in England.

Some of the pageantry, but little of the glamour, has deserted the river. Prophets have deplored its mechanization, its desertion by fashion and wealth, its pollution (it is now even radioactive—harmlessly—near the Atomic Research Station at Harwell). The prophets always have.

We found no signs of waning popularity but only those healthy measures of change which are expected to be reflected in England's national river.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Wasted Tears

SOMEONE once defined dirt as "matter in the wrong place." I think most trouble could be defined as emotion in the wrong place.

I read a striking sentence the other day: "We should never," said the writer, "attempt to bear more than one kind of trouble at once. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have."

That's just what I mean. So many people positively *wallow* in trouble instead of regarding it as a difficulty to be overcome. They substitute emotional orgies for intelligent thinking.

A favourite motto of the late King George V was "Teach me neither to cry for the moon nor over spilt milk." It's a motto worth adopting.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Young Americans must "belong"

by *ROLAND WILD*

The undergrad with a fraternity pin finds himself in the right set. Without it, he's liable to be a social flop

"Almost as lasting as the gift of an engagement ring": girl gets "pinned"

NEW YORK

THE TALL GIRL with the blonde hair and the long, white coat walked across the sunlit university square. She climbed in behind the wheel of a shining, new car, putting her pile of books beside her.

Swiftly, she threaded through the traffic. She looked as if she had everything in the world—good looks, money, youth and a university education. But she had tears in her eyes.

She had just lost the biggest prize of her social career. She had been refused the right to membership of a secret society known by three Greek letters.

The girl was one of 250,000 women university students of the United States who had not been accepted by a sorority—the feminine of that strange university system the "fraternity." Of the 750,000 women in the universities, only one out of three are not members of societies like Pi Beta Phi, Sigma Kappa and Theta Phi Alpha.

The reason the girl had failed to become a member was because the officials had checked up on her father. She had been requested to invite two officials to tea with her mother, and her mother had stood the test. She, herself, had passed the personality test with flying colours. She had sporting tastes, she was well up in her studies, she mixed well and had charm. But her father was not a big enough shot.

Life Seemed Ruined

The girl had now heard that she would never become a member of that sorority. She would be divided from her friends on the beach parties, automobile excursions and formal dances held by the sorority. Her university career, at the most sensitive time of her life, seemed to her to be ruined.

This is the worst side of the college societies which have suddenly gained national attention because of their stubborn adherence to colour bars, racial bars and snobberies of a past age.

Of the 1,750,000 men in American universities, more than a million can call themselves members of sixty-six fraternities. In the 1,778 American universities and colleges there are 2,600 active "chapters" of the fraternities and membership has almost kept pace with the doubling of the number of new entrants during the past ten years.

The university student is nothing in some universities if he cannot claim membership. His sports may depend on it. His social life will certainly suffer. And so, too, might his business or professional life.

But there is another, worthier, side to the fraternity idea. I lunched with forty odd members of Pi Kappa Alpha in a pleasant old house near the University of California in Los Angeles. My host was the president of the inter-fraternity council, a tall blond youth of German extraction, named Gene Fruhling. Everyone called him "Whitey" because of his yellow hair.

The simple lunch began with a song, one of the traditional chants of the society, called "Pals of the Garnet and Gold."

Wear our colours, the Garnet and Gold
Which all with honour hold,
Since chivalrous days of knighthood
old, my dearie.
Come and join the best fraternity,
Pledge yourself in strictest loyalty,
Phi Phi K A will mean a lot to you.

How Fraternity Helped

It had meant a lot to "Whitey" Fruhling. When his father, a railwayman, had died in a train wreck, he was left practically alone in the world, and the war had snatched him up and then miraculously deposited him in a university, with £20 a month to spend on himself. He was training to be a lawyer, and he could work in the university library to make another £12 a month while he studied.

The Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity was founded eighty years ago in Virginia. There are 50,000 members throughout the universities of America, and Gene has toured many of them and found a welcome wherever he went.

There were Jews at the luncheon table and there were Roman Catholics. But there were no Negroes.

They were a pleasant, uninhibited company. Most of them were like Gene Fruhling — ex-G.I.s who had taken advantage of the most generous post-Service scheme the world has ever known. They paid £10 a month for meals. They were waited on by "pledges," or novitiate members waiting for full membership when approved. They paid £5 a month for a bed or a double-decker bunk in the house. Their dues to the society were thirty shillings a month.

They had each paid £15 for their initiation fee—a secret ceremony which included "rushing" or "hazing," the old schoolboy custom of subjecting a newcomer to minor torture. And they had bought the fraternity pin that decorated most of their sweaters and shirts.

That Important Pin

The pin, with the Greek letters of the society, could cost them ten shillings plain, or £25 in diamonds. Gene Fruhling and a giant of a basketball player wore theirs carelessly. Some had none to wear, and there were two girls at the luncheon table who wore them selfconsciously. For the night before they had been "pinned" by members of Pi Kappa Alpha. The youths had given them their fraternity pins. It was a gesture almost as lasting as the gift of an engagement ring.

Gene Fruhling, as president of all the fraternities in the university, is a man of power. Some universities used to ban fraternities, saying they symbolized wealth and privilege. But Gene Fruhling says the war changed all that. Seventy-five per cent of the students are ex-soldiers who have been out in the world, and it is no longer fashionable to be idle playboys. They haven't the money, anyway.

The advice printed in one fraternity magazine reads: "If you are looking for prestige, political preference and sensual enjoyment Fraternity will be to you but a name." But one member told me: "Wherever I go, I can find a member or a past member. I have to find a job when I leave here. In the United States, if you don't know people it's too, too bad. . . ."

And a youth who had pledged himself never to join a fraternity, said: "The truest thing ever said was 'a fraternity is the antithesis of fraternity.' Since Phi Beta Kappa was founded in 1776 there has been an atmosphere about the fraternities of secrecy and mumbo jumbo. The motto is sometimes secret, and there is a handclasp and a secret greeting. It's time they were abolished."

But they also do much charitable work, founding charities for European children, taking care of the blind in the poor southern states, financing summer camps for poor children, giving Christmas parties and backing hospitals.

The racial bias of the majority of fraternities was shown up by an affair in a well-known university that gained wide publicity. In Amherst University, Massachusetts, a fraternity called Phi Kappa Psi elected a young man called Tommy Gibbs, aged nineteen.

He was good at football, and was universally popular. He had served in the forces, like another million university men of the United States.

But the headquarters of Phi Kappa Psi, governing fifty chapters with 30,000 members, telegraphed down to the local president to state that Tommy Gibbs must go.

Tommy had worn the blue of the United States Navy, but Phi Kappa Psi, founded in 1852, was different. Tommy was the wrong colour himself. He was black.

The fraternity president at Amherst said they wanted to keep Tommy. The national headquarters said it was against the constitution. The university lads said it was against the law of the State of Massachusetts and the Constitution of the United States of America to throw Tommy out. Headquarters banned the chapter, bringing its number down to only forty-nine. The membership also dropped by forty—and Tommy Gibbs.

They'll Still Carry On

Yet the fraternities have survived, and they seem to stand up under the scrutiny of the million-odd fiercely critical new students who carried rifles instead of textbooks under their arms for a time, and who know considerably more than the old-time student about democracy and race segregation.

The fraternities will probably go on living. But there may be something in the *Maxims for Fraternity Living* as published in the elaborate magazine of Sigma Alpha Epsilon (founded 1856) and in particular that one listed as II(*g*) under the heading "Corporate Living." It reads: "To enter the kingdom of fraternity you must first become as a little child."

Business is settled over a drink at Al Parker's Mayfair offices: clients are Anne Crawford and Robert Beatty

Mister ten per cent

by *LAWRENCE EARL*

The actors' agent can tell to a sixpence how much a star is likely to earn. Managers may sometimes swear at him; his clients swear *by* him

AL (FOR ALBERT) PARKER, a middle-aged human dynamo with a Roman profile, feels that a good actors' agent should be mother, father and best friend to his clients all at once. He tells them when to see a dentist ("Good teeth make one handsomer; bad teeth mar good looks"), a coiffeur, dressmaker or doctor.

He also keeps a weather eye out for signs of worry, over-work, swollen-headedness, dissipation and temper—and deals with whatever else crops up. He teaches actors to meet producers, Press and public. In fact, he looks after his clients from the cradle to the grave.

This reminds Parker—who handles 175 clients, including a school of fencing and such stars as Peggy Cummins, Fay Compton and Richard Attenborough—of one of the innumerable stories told about men in his profession.

It concerns a famous screen star who died. When his will was read, it said: "My body, I wish cremated. Then throw ten per cent of my ashes into my agent's face."

Such ingratitude is not rare in a profession which deals in personalities of all kinds. But Al, who has been more years in show business than he cares to count, has managed to keep alight a wary but triumphant faith in actors and managers. He has, for instance, found only three theatrical managements in all London who sometimes go back on their word. Except in the case of a tyro actor on whom he has to lavish considerable time and attention, he does not insist on long-term contracts with clients.

Away back in 1932 when Al was a film director, he attended a cocktail party. He noticed a dark young man with a brooding face standing alone. Parker asked to be introduced. "This," said the mutual friend, "is James Mason."

"Are you an actor?" Al asked.

Somewhat huffily, Mason said he was.

"Ever been in films?"

"No."

Mason's First Film

Parker gave Mason the script of *Late Extra* to read. The actor liked it and was given the lead at twenty-five pounds a week. The rest, for Mason, became history. And when, in 1938, Al turned actors' agent his first client was the dark young man with the brooding face. The two have never had a scrap of paper between them, yet even today, with Mason busy in Hollywood, Parker gets a fifty per cent cut of the commission on his salary.

On the other hand, he has helped many a young actor and actress up the ladder in ways that do not fall strictly in the line of an agent's duty. He has lent them money when they were broke, and nursed them through lean times to success, only to have them show gratitude by going to another agent. "I think they don't like to remember that I knew them *when*," he says. "You know—a kind of inferiority complex."

A day in Parker's office at 50 Mount Street, Mayfair, has been described by an outsider as "something like a surrealistic dream." The two phones on his desk ring constantly.

When Al answers one he does his talking on his feet ("I'm too nervous to sit while I work") and has had special long cords installed so he can pace back and forth while he barks into the mouthpiece. If he's speaking to a manager about a contract he calls his secretary and, while the manager listens at the other end, he dictates to her the gist of the deal.

Parker cautions his clients never to discuss business with a manager, and especially never to talk salary. "Once an actor mentions a price, he's burnt his bridges. I tell him to talk only of the artistic end and leave business to me."

Al knows the market so well, his instinct and sense of timing are so acute, that it's freely said around the West End he is able to gauge the salary a client can command down to the last sixpence. This makes him valuable to an actor, but when a manager wants a specific man for a part and finds Parker is his agent he has been known to turn pale.

One of Al's firmest beliefs is that any agent makes a mistake in becoming entangled in a client's personal life. He has made a single exception to it.

In 1939 a young Australian girl, just out of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, came to him. "I don't think I'd photograph well," she said, "and probably wouldn't be much good in films—but can you help me get on the stage?" Al said he'd have to see how good she was. After a try-out, to the girl's chagrin, he said she needed grooming and experience. He got her a part in a play at the Q Theatre.

A few weeks later Parker went sick. A doctor diagnosed the illness as mild stomach 'flu, but when the Australian neophyte called around to bring flowers she said: "That's not flu—you've got pneumonia!" She was right.

Married His Nurse

"It was then I discovered she had a Florence Nightingale complex," Parker grins. "She nursed me through the worst of it. When I got better we were married. A lot of people accused me, jokingly, of taking a hundred per cent in her case instead of the usual ten."

The girl's name was Margaret Johnston. She has since become a star on both stage and screen and was a hit in *Rake's Progress*.

Parker was born in Brooklyn, New York. He first visited London with his father when he was six, and has since made twenty-three two way crossings of the Atlantic. Always stage-struck, he resented the fact that his father got him a job in the china department of Macy's, the New York store. One day his boredom mounted to anger and he pushed a coffee table into a stack of cups and saucers. Al was given the sack.

At eighteen, he found a job as a super in a stage production, and later played in vaudeville. In New York he met Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and with his help got better parts in films.

Soon he became a director and developed into one of Hollywood's best. He discovered Valentino and directed such early headliners as Gloria Swanson, Milton Sills and John Barrymore. In '29 he retired with a million dollars and went on a round-the-world cruise with his friends Mary Pickford and Fairbanks, then husband and wife. A cable reached him in Athens saying he'd been wiped out in the stock crash.

Starting all over again, he came to England in '32 with a contract to direct in his pocket. He loved it here and decided this time to remain. Unfortunately, he did not now do well in films. In 1939 he opened his agency.

Big Names—And Novices

He pays £2,000 a year rent for the Mount Street house in which he uses two floors for offices. To it come some of the best-known names of the entertainment world as well as newcomers who will one day shine as stars. "I decided when I became an agent never to do to an actor what agents had done to me," Parker says. "So many had ingratiated themselves with managers at my expense."

While Margaret Johnston was nursing him through his bout of pneumonia, Parker's secretary had arranged a B.B.C. broadcast for Robert Beatty, then not a star, for a fee of thirty-five guineas. Beatty was not advised of the job, and Al, on his recovery, received an angry blast from the radio producer. Beatty, of course, had failed to show up and a last-minute substitution had been necessary.

"I paid Robert the thirty-five guineas

Continued on page 30

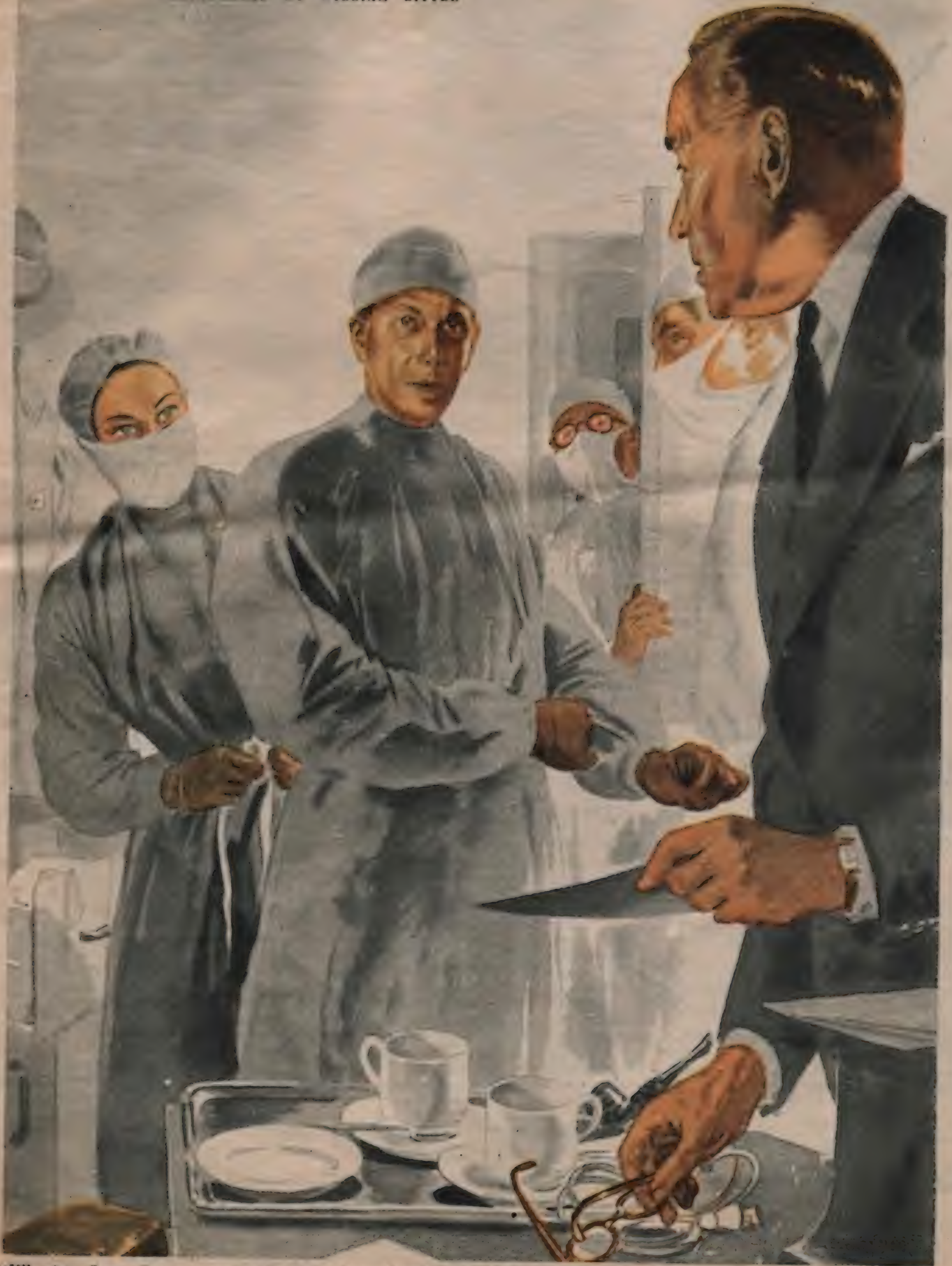
The Enemy

They all needed—and deserved—a good rest.

But the enemy they fought *never* took time off

by ALASTAIR SCOBIE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE



"I'll give Jean Carey a prettier face than she had before," said Deems, as Sister Moira tied up his gown

DR. AMYAS NULTY barged out of ward three and left the door swinging behind him.

He passed the operating theatre with the red light burning over it, turned the corner by the physiotherapy department and the dental labs, pushed the door of the doctors' room open with his shoulder (because he had X-ray plates in one hand and his pipe in the other), put the plates down by the machine on the table, took his stethoscope from his pocket and dumped it by the plates, stuffed the pipe and closed his eyes as the tobacco caught and burned.

"Amyas," he told himself, "the strain is beginning to tell."

Then he dug his fountain pen from his crumpled waistcoat and started making notes. Next case off the table and Dr. Gregory Deems would come hurrying from the theatre and want to know things, and Nulty had to have the facts at his fingertips.

And if a man can suffer from hero worship at the age of sixty-three, with the object another man twenty years his junior, then Deems was Nulty's hero, and if anyone let Deems down it certainly wouldn't be Nulty.

Deems was a hero with faults, of course. No man is perfect; yet he was all the things Nulty had dreamed of being.

Deems was a great man because of the very multiplicity of his gifts. He knew medicine, he had the eye of a great sculptor, his work with a scalpel was a joy to behold.

And because the very existence of plastic surgery is based on advances in such subjects as anaesthetics and chemical medicine, Deems spent what tiny portion of spare time was left to him in studying everything he could about everything. As one of the greatest plastic surgeons in Britain, he could not afford to relax.

NULTY, on the other hand, had had greatness thrust upon him. An obscure, fifty-nine year old G.P., he had been chosen, because of certain committees on which he sat, to go to Germany and prepare a report on one of the horror camps.

Had Nulty been a great novelist, he could not have written a more moving document. A meticulous report of unspeakable things, a miracle of subjective reporting, a technical treatise that was of absorbing interest because the man who wrote it was a gifted observer.

It was not because of what Nulty said: there wasn't a wasted word in the report. It was because his approach was humanitarian that the cold medical words took on a glow of sympathy with suffering, suggested a new line of attack on the devil of cruelty that is in man.

The general public never heard of Nulty, nor read his report. But Deems, who had one corner of his machine-like brain always open for new ideas, had read it.

A silky Rolls had drawn up outside Nulty's surgery, just as he was preparing to go out on his rounds. Deems had bounded up the steps, a thin, cynical man with bright grey eyes, all polish and Savile Row and clean linen. Old

Nulty, who had never thought of walking a hospital again, found himself spotlighted as the chief house physician to the famous Teddingford Plastic Unit.

"But, Dr. Deems," Nulty had protested, "I know nothing of plastic work, nothing."

Exasperated, Deems ran his hand over his thinning hair and glanced at his watch. Time governed Gregory Deems.

"Nulty, turn down my suggestion if you wish. But don't be so damned modest. You have the eyes of an observer. Come with us and you will be my watchdog, and I will be your right hand."

At first Nulty wondered what he was doing in the beautiful wards of the unit, until he realized that Deems had successfully diagnosed the soul of Gregory Deems and knew his own weak spot. Deems lacked humanity. And a patient in a plastic hospital needs more than faith in the knife of a superb surgeon. Often he needs the will to live again. So Nulty became the watchdog of Gregory Deems.

Now Nulty, after a hard morning in the wards, was feeling his age. He sat sucking his pipe and turning over in his mind the patients he had seen. Only about one, Jean Cary, was he seriously worried, and he wished he had more time for her. But in a busy hospital even humanity is bounded by the moving hands of the clock, and he was sorely overworked.

Consider that morning alone. Four new cases had gone on the table, under the knife of Gregory Deems. To Nulty they were four stories that must have a happy ending.

At one in the morning an ambulance had clanged to the hospital with a weeping mother and a little child, Norah someone-or-other. Norah had played too near an electric fire. Her dress had blazed up. The surgeon in the emergency hospital had taken one look at the burns on hands and legs and, after first aid, had packed her off to the Plastic Unit. Norah needed more than healing, she needed beauty. Deems had seen her at nine o'clock in the saline bath and, with his brisk, soulless efficiency, had started her off on the long, slow road to recovery. It was left to Nulty to deliver what Deems always called his "pep-talk."

A drunken sailor had decided to fight the world and had arrived on Deems's table at ten thirty with a fractured jaw.

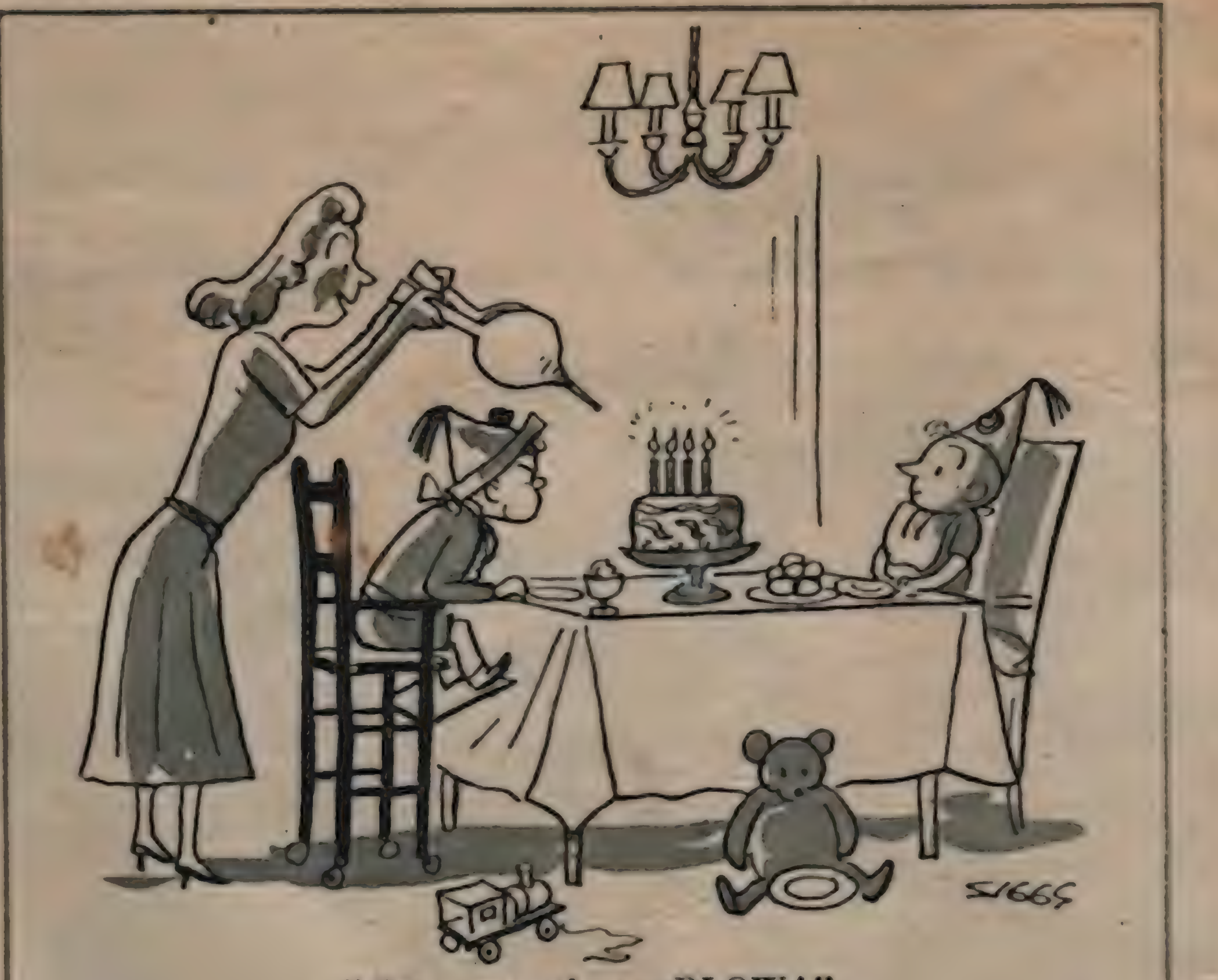
Mrs. Cladwell-Hope had lavished too much affection on her Pekinese, and, such is poetic justice, the dog had neatly nipped off a largish chunk of Mrs. Cladwell-Hope's patrician nose. She was wheeled in to Deems at half past eleven, and followed at noon by a man called Egan Jones.

Mr. Jones had neglected his brakes and was picked out of his car with a middle-third fracture of the facial bones.

That meant that Deems, who should have lunched at one o'clock, would only emerge for a cup of tea and a bun, for he had to get Jean Cary on the table that morning. Nulty had insisted, for Jean would have got into one of her suicidal depressions if she had had to wait until the afternoon list.

"I don't know how they keep going," Nulty told himself.

He was thinking of the little group in the theatre. Deems, like Hollywood's idea of a plastic surgeon. Sister Moira Hennesy, the woman with great brown eyes, a straight nose, an oval face framed in her gown and cap, looking like an Italian Madonna, who loved Deems, not as a girl loves a man but as Nulty himself loved Deems. Billy Styles, the Infant Prodigy, twenty-four years old and chosen as Deems's assistant because he was the best man for the job. The Fat Boy (Milligan, the anaesthetist). Parkwell, who was the dental surgeon. The scurrying nurses.



"One, two, three—BLOW!"

Nulty seldom went into the theatre: he felt out of place there, felt they were all so much more important, so much more useful than he was. Yet the figures showed that the tiny percentage of failures at the Teddingford Unit had grown even smaller since Nulty took over.

Deems came in, stripping off his gown and rubber apron, kicking the gown into a corner. He said: "Watch little Norah thingummy like a hawk, Nulty. I'm afraid of pneumonia, and I want her in physical shape to start grafting as soon as I dare. She'll be another show case, with luck. Had tea?"

Nulty shook his head.

"I'll snatch lunch with you about two," Deems told him. "Who's on the list this afternoon?"

"Pederson, Stiles, Martin and a new man, Hart. He's a champion boxer with the usual fracture."

Deems nodded, lighting a cigarette. "Another busted mandible. What a way to earn a living."

It was impossible to tell if Deems was referring to himself or to the boxer.

Sister Hennesy came in with tea and buns. She was smiling, but the brightness on her mouth did not light up the sad Madonna eyes. The fact was that she, too, was tired.

"I saw the little Marian Hooper girl going off home with her mother, the moppet," she said. "Lively as a grig."

"Nicest rhinoplasty I ever did." Deems munched a bun.

"If I were you, Dr. Deems," Sister said, her eyes twinkling now, "I'd take the afternoon off and drive in the country."

It was a joke between them. Deems looked at her as if she were mad, as he always did. "And let Billy ruin Pederson's bone graft? Never." Deems was eating and smoking at the same time. "Not," he said, "but what we could all do with a holiday. Yet I don't know. Any navvy on the roads works harder than we do."

Nulty thought navvies at least got the weekend off, with the chance of a drink.

Deems was married. Nulty wondered how his wife got on. How could Deems find time for a wife? It was a miracle. The last case would be off the table at six or six thirty, but Deems wouldn't stop work before ten at night, and then he would probably read and write until midnight. At six he would rise, at eight he would be at the hospital, at nine he would be at his table. And somehow he had time for a wife and the medical journals.

There would be no weekend for Deems, either, for he was taking a tired tuck out of the lower lids of Dolores Baraclough, the film star. Not because he needed the money but because the job intrigued him.

Now Deems was saying: "Even Nulty looks tired. That proves that intuition is as tiring as reasoning, eh, Nulty?" Deems was always ribbing Nulty about his intuition.

Just then Billy came in, stripping off his gloves. "Hallo, Chief," he said. "Hallo, Nulty. How's Cameron?"

Cameron was a tough little Cockney clerk who had gone to sleep in the train after a hard day at the office. He had wakened in a siding, laughed at himself, climbed stiffly from the carriage and started to thread his way across the lines. Half asleep, he had stumbled on a live line and somehow lived to tell about it.

"Cameron?" replied Nulty. "He's strong as a bull, Billy. No, I'm scared stiff about Jean Cary."

"There's intuition for you," said Deems. "Nulty isn't worried about Cameron, who should have been patted on the chest with a spade days ago, according to all the laws of medicine. Oh, no, he's worried about Jean Cary, a strong young girl with some surface work to be done on her face. But I'll back his intuition against the lot of you, though I don't know for the life of me how he does it."

"Deems, Deems, dear man, Cameron has never for one minute considered dying. He's a fighter. After the first operation I kept mirrors away from Jean Cary, but yesterday, going to the baths, she caught sight of herself in the glass door. With the dressing off. You know what she saw."

IDEAS FOR GARDENERS

HOME-LOVERS who want to make the most of their gardens will find plenty of good ideas in a new copiously illustrated book by Richard Sudell. It's called *Practical Home Gardening Illustrated*, and an announcement on page 31 tells you how to obtain this do-it-yourself book.

Deems shrugged irritably. "I explained to the foolish girl that she would have to get worse before she could get better. Trimming, adjustment, scar excision, the mouth and eyelids settling down. Why, in two years she'll forget she was ever in this place."

Moira shook her head. "Two years is eternity when you are just twenty. And she was to have been married last week."

The anaesthetist stuck his moon face through the doorway. "I've put the next victim to bye-bye, chief. Cary. She'll be on in five minutes."

"Thanks, Milligan."

Moira was tying the strings of a fresh gown for Deems, finding a mask of the shape he liked.

Nulty said: "You see, Jean Cary expected so much. She's bitterly disappointed. Reasoning with her won't help, and the look of pity on the faces of her friends and her people is the worst thing for her. I'm worried, chief."

"Oh," said Deems, "you should have been a psychiatrist. I'll give her a prettier face than she had before."

"She doesn't want to live," Nulty said, following them into the scrubbing-up room. "That's the trouble."

"Well, Nulty," Deems snapped, going tense suddenly, "you're the witch doctor. Hold her hand, do anything you like. I'm only a poor blasted surgeon." The theatre door swung to behind him and the red light went on. Nulty sighed, wishing Deems were less of a machine.

Late that night Nulty was lounging in front of his fire in slippers, reading his favourite Conrad when his door opened slowly and Deems came in. Deems looked thinner than ever and had black circles under his eyes.

"Good God, dear man," Nulty burst out. "What's up?"

Deems said, "I'll have a small brandy, please, straight."

"But you should have left hours ago."

"Do I get my drink or don't I?"

"Of course, dear man."

"I've been sitting with Jean Cary, telling her stories. It was touch and go, Nulty."

"You should have sent for me."

"I daren't break the spell. I daren't even send a nurse for you. I just had to keep talking."

Nulty poured the drink for Deems. "Is she all right now?"

"Oh, yes. Sleeping when I left her. I told the biggest whopper of my life. I told her the operation I'm doing on Dolores Baraclough was exactly the same as she had had. Dolores is her favourite star and it worked the trick."

"How long were you there, chief?"

"Two hours. I went in to look at Cameron, then I saw her and felt her pulse. She nearly left us, Nulty."

Nulty was looking at Deems through narrowed lids. "How did you know? I mean, how did you come to feel her pulse?"

Deems drank his brandy. "The way we all know, in the sleeping wards of a hospital at night. I left the men's ward and entered the women's. Then I knew."

"So much for your lack of intuition," Nulty said, softly.

"Intuition be damned. Every doctor can feel when the Enemy is standing there in the corner of a ward, waiting."

There was a short pause while the two men who were so familiar with death remembered the times and places when they had felt that Presence. Then Deems said, "Have you seen the Russian method of pedicle rhinoplasty in one move? Dangerous, but cute. Get a piece of silver paper and I'll show you."

Nulty went for the silver paper, smiling. He knew he would not need a holiday. There was too much to do.

HE'S GOT THE MILE TAPED

by *RODNEY HOPE*

Roger Bannister talks about the mile in long scientific terms—but he's just as good in practice as in theory

Bannister wins Universities' Athletic Union mile—dead on schedule

ROGER GILBERT BANNISTER, tall, leggy and sandy-haired, studies medicine at Oxford University and also runs the mile. But he is one track star who is *not* in a hurry. Partly because of this, he is looked on by the athletically minded as more important for what he may be some day than for what he is now.

Since this serious twenty-year-old runner is already the leading man in his event in university circles and perhaps this country's fastest miler in or out of college, the compliment, like Bannister himself, is hard to beat.

When pressed, he himself admits he is far more interested as a runner in the Bannister of 1952 than of 1949. It is not insignificant that in 1952 Helsinki will stage the next Olympic Games.

For an athlete, this may be looking a long way ahead. Bannister recognizes the danger. "I don't want to reach my peak just yet," he says, "although I know that by playing it this way I may scupper my chances." Thus he reveals the faintly nagging fear of every budding world-class runner.

If he runs with all that's in him *now*, he may burn himself out—as many a star has done—before he has had the chance to reach his best. If he *doesn't* establish himself at an early date, he knows very well there is always the possibility that an injury could wipe his name from the record book almost before he has had time to enter it. Despite this, Bannister is willing to gamble on the future.

Because of that decision, made some time back, young Roger hasn't had a world-shaking past; but in it are sprinkled more than a few clues which indicate coming greatness.

Painfully Slow

He ran his first mile as recently as three years ago, when, as an Oxford freshman just up from University College School, he finished second in an inter-college event. Since the winning time was an excruciatingly painful four minutes and fifty-two seconds, he wondered if he would be wasting his time to continue at the distance.

He approached K. S. (Sandy) Duncan, then honorary Oxford University athletic coach.

"Shall I give it up?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said Duncan. He had noted Bannister's extra-long runner's legs reaching out to gobble up eight feet six inches each time his spikes chewed the track. "But try to shorten your stride and avoid bouncing. If you do, you will run at least fifteen seconds faster."

Bannister listened. He kept practising whenever and wherever he could at cutting down his stride by a full six inches and developing a smooth, close-to-the-ground action. Except for the few words Duncan had dropped, he had neither advice nor coaching.

In March of 1947, Roger was selected without trial as third-string Oxford man for the meeting against Cambridge. On a soggy, unfit track that had barely thawed in time for the race, he tried out the form he had so carefully rehearsed in his solitary winter sessions.

"I followed the other runners round and round the track," he recalls, "until the last 300 yards. Then something inside me seemed to click into place. I felt fresh and strong and I passed them all."

From the moment this happened, Bannister knew the truth. He was a miler.

Since then he has improved steadily. In March he ran his best mile to date—in 4 min. 16.2 sec.—which is good, though not spectacular. But those who watched his running with a knowledgeable eye say that even now, barely out of his teens, he is capable of cutting that time down by several seconds. He doesn't want to—yet.

Almost entirely uncoached, as the Americans and Scandinavians understand coaching, he wistfully hopes soon to find a properly qualified middle-distance tutor. Unfortunately, few exist in this country, but if one fails to turn up there is little doubt that Roger can manage well enough by himself.

It's Policy To Lag

Like Jack Lovelock, another great Oxford miler, who also went to Exeter College and studied medicine, Bannister makes use of his physiological learning to further his training as a runner. Like Lovelock, he would much prefer to come tenth in a race he is perfectly capable of winning than to break the planned rhythm of his training.

From his vantage point as a medical student, Bannister tends to examine his own style and potentialities with a doctor's eye. He talks glibly of such things as muscle viscosity and samatotypes.

A samatotype is a complicated, relatively new system for physique assessment, used on athletes to see what makes them tick. Bannister goes off into a lengthy technical description of the one taken on him some time ago. Then, seeing the blank look on a listener's face, he breaks off suddenly.

"What it all means," he grins, "is that I'm scraggy. I have body length without a corresponding increase in width."

Lovelock, to whom track critics in this country instinctively compare Bannister, was almost incredibly intense in his determination to win the 1936 Olympic 1,500-metre race (so much so, he even attended ballet school for four months because he believed it would teach him relaxation). Bannister is also prepared to take his racing seriously.

He has been examining his style as if he were running under a microscope and, at the same time, looking through the eyepiece. As a result he has decided to try shortening his stride still further and to hold his body more nearly upright while running.

"A runner is ideally balanced," he says thoughtfully, "when his centre of gravity is between his two legs. I've been leaning too far forward and the front leg has been taking too much weight. This more upright position also has the effect of shortening my stride."

In practice he has run the half mile in 1 min. 55 sec., which few half-milers can better. He has done the 220 yards in 23 sec. These times indicate his fine talent for bursts of speed should he need to call on them. He also has a respectable record as a cross-country runner over a distance of seven and a half miles, which proves his stamina and endurance.

But in a competitive mile it is often the last few yards that spell win or loss, and Bannister has done a lot of thinking about this aspect of racing.

"The finishing sprint depends largely on nervous energy," he says. "Each runner has a different amount of it and must be careful not to use his reserves too often. Since the supply is not unlimited, that is the main factor in burning out."

Time To Go Flat Out

On the other hand, he is convinced that some runners, once they have reached racing maturity, are capable of racing flat out every week without doing themselves injury. "In two years," he says, "I shall be able to do that."

A miler's stride should be smooth, says Bannister ("almost like riding a bicycle"), and not too long. But, since during the tension before a race any runner stores up a reserve of nervous energy, it's quite all right to expend some of it on a fast start and then settle down to the smooth striding action.

Early in May of this year at the Oxford University versus London University meet, young Bannister raced against H. J. Parlett, currently considered the second-best university miler, and was beaten to the tape when Parlett sprinted past him in the last few yards. "I can never seem to sprint when I'm leading," Bannister says.

But a couple of weeks later, in the Universities' Athletic Union mile at White City, the two runners met again.

"How fast are you going to run today?" I asked him before the race.

"About four-twenty, win or lose," was the reply.

This time Bannister, who never forgets a lesson, let Parlett and others set the pace. With 200 yards to go he released a flash of speed, passed runner after runner, and took the lead. That's the way he finished—in four-twenty dead.

This ability to general a race and make other runners finish behind him in time they are capable of beating by several seconds is often what marks out a great runner from one who is merely very good.

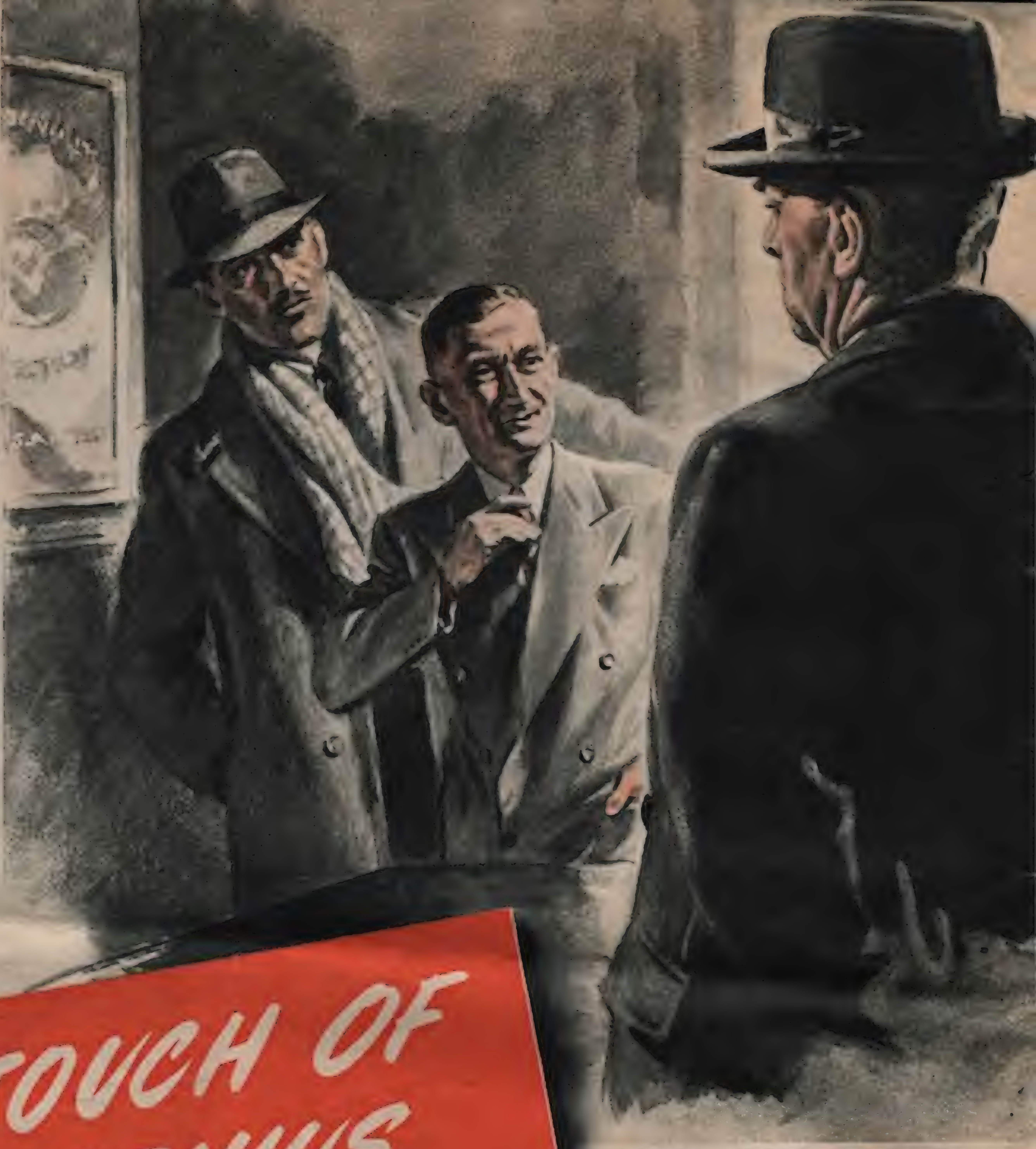
Now in America, where he represents the combined Oxford-Cambridge team in his favourite event, Bannister is prepared to run at least two very fast miles. Since at least one of the men he will face over there has run the distance in 4 min. 12 sec., he may be tempted for the first time to loosen the tight rein he keeps on himself and run as fast as he can.

If he does, his supporters are sure there'll be good reason to cheer.

TOUCH OF GENIUS

by M. GILBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED GARDNER



"Gentlemen," said the small man, "I'm Mr. Capley. I'm very glad to see you"

CHIEF INSPECTOR HAZLERIGG reserved his most intolerant criticisms for what he called "pinch of dust" detectives.

I think the expression originated in his mind when I told him of a story I had read in a magazine somewhere about a detective whose only clue to the identity of a felon was a sample of dust from the turn-ups of his trousers—the felon's trousers, I mean.

Microscopic analysis revealed that this dust was composed in equal parts of a green chalk, of grains of sand of a type found at Bognor Regis and of particles of powdered granite belonging to a geological stratum which, surprisingly enough, approaches the earth's surface only at Bickley. It was then child's play to deduce, look for and arrest a billiard-marker of Bickley who took his summer holidays at Bognor.

"Why?" said Hazlerigg. "Why not look for an enthusiastic snooker player from Bognor who had relatives at Bickley?"

"Or," suggested Inspector Walsh, "a man who lived at Orpington but worked in a shop at Bickley and had, in his back garden, a sandpit which his predecessor had stocked with sand from Bognor."

"All right, all right," I said. "We yield the point. You mean, I take it, that it's no good using these scientific analyses to *catch* your man."

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with science," said Hazlerigg, broadmindedly. "Once the prisoner's in custody, let science have its head. So long as it's the sort of science a jury will swallow," he added. "It's taken them fifty years to believe in fingerprints."

"Then if you don't catch them by science——?"

Hazlerigg observed the bait.

"That's what you've been leading up to, isn't it?" he said. "All right. I'll tell you. There's no terrific secret about it. Take burglars. Apart from the ones who may actually be caught on the job—and the British householder perpetually amazes me by his willingness to tackle anything up to twice his own weight in armed housebreakers—out of every hundred who eventually get caught, I should say that fifty, at least, run into trouble trying to dispose of the proceeds."

"Watch the fences," agreed Walsh.

"Well, it's a sad reflection on human nature," went on Hazlerigg, "but the next biggest group are those who are given away by informers."

"And the rest?"

"Miscellaneous. Hard work and concentration on the M.O. files."

"I've never really understood that," I said. "I mean, I know the principle of *modus operandi*. You are called to a burglary in Hampstead and you find that the pantry window has been forced with a bricklayer's trowel and that the burglar has helped himself to a cup of tea before leaving by the back door. You then trot back to Scotland Yard and turn up the index and discover that the only man on your books who habitually uses a bricklayer's trowel *and* gains access by pantry windows *and* helps himself to a cup of tea is Smokey Joe. So you send someone off to pull Joe in, and if Joe can't explain his movements last Friday evening, then ten to one he's for it. That's about it, isn't it?"

"More or less."

"Then what I don't understand is, why doesn't Joe take the trouble to change his habits. He's only got to open, say, the library window with a pickhead, or even wait till he gets home before he has his tea, and he's safe as houses."

"You might think so," said Hazlerigg. "It doesn't work out that way. First because a lot of the items in the M.O. index are things that he *can't* change or, at least, would be very unlikely to change. The type of stuff he steals — well, that'll depend on what facilities he has for getting rid of it, doesn't it? If his receiver gives him top prices for fur coats, then fur coats he must have. The demand creates the supply. Again, take the question of whether he wórks alone or not: now that's a matter of temperament. He's born with it——"

"In fundamentals, I agree; but what about the little things."

"Look here," said Hazlerigg. "If I told you that it was vitally important that you shouldn't hitch up the knees of your trousers before sitting down in a chair—as I've noticed once or twice is a habit of yours—if I told you that your life depended on not doing it, could you *guarantee* that you wouldn't do it again, say next week?"

"Well—no. Perhaps not. But I don't think that's a fair analogy."

Hazlerigg grinned and looked at Inspector Walsh, who mouthed a word which looked like "Capley," and they both laughed.

That was all I got out of them, at the time. The story was still in the Top Secret drawer. I heard the rest of it some time later.

During the aftermath of the late war, at a time when all the crime charts were rocketing, Scotland Yard started to become conscious of the activities of a new burglar.

All criminals whose work is both distinctive and successful—successful, I mean, from the criminal's point of view—are apt to acquire simple nicknames, and this burglar was known to the police of the Metropolis and Home Counties as the Flat Man (because he specialized in flats) or more commonly as the Neat Man, because he never left many traces of his visit, unless you can call the absence of the owner's silver, jewellery and clothing a trace. He was also called the Neat Man for another reason which will presently appear.

"He works single-handed," said Hazlerigg, when he was presenting an analysis to the assistant commissioner (the Neat Man had become all that important). "And either he is the most marvellous lock-picker alive or he has the art of selecting the right key for the right door. He never forces a catch. He never goes through a window. So far as we know, he enters by the front door; which he opens, as I said, with a key or in some other painless manner."

"Catch locks?" said the assistant commissioner.

"Oh, no, sir. Everything. Mortice

The Chief Inspector's interest in the Neat Man was purely professional—until the night his own flat was burgled. After that it all became very personal

locks and all. Then there's another thing. He seems to know his way about so uncannily. We can usually pick up his footprints. He has an exceptionally small, neat foot and often wears dancing pumps. Most of these expensive flats have fitted pile-carpets and when we get there before it's been too trodden over, we can follow his progress there and back. It's always the same story.

"He comes in the front door, goes straight to the room he wants, takes what he can find—I mean, he never breaks open cupboards or desks, he just lifts whatever comes handy—then he goes straight back again to the hall. And then there was something that used to puzzle us. You'd see his footsteps going straight up the hall. Suddenly, for no reason, they'd stop, there'd be a mark where he'd turned, and a pair of prints pointing sideways, towards the wall, if you follow me. Usually with the toeprints clearer than the heels."

"It sounds quite mad to me," said the assistant commissioner. "What did you make of it?"

"We made nothing of it at first," said Hazlerigg. "But when we did spot it, well, it was perfectly obvious. He was a tie-twiddler."

"A what?"

"A tie-twiddler, or a hair-smoother or a lapel-brusher—I mean he was the sort of man who couldn't pass a looking-glass without stopping for a moment to peer at himself. Probably did it quite unconsciously. Being on the small side—as his footprints indicate—he usually had to stand on tiptoe. Hence the marks."

"So all we've got to do," said the assistant commissioner, "is to search London for a small man who admires himself in looking-glasses." He didn't say it unkindly. He appreciated the difficulties.

INSPECTOR HAZLERIGG had found himself in charge of the Neat Man investigation in the fortuitous way that things sometimes happened at Scotland Yard.

The Neat Man seemed to specialize in stealing good clothes. Good clothes were a strong black market proposition. Hazlerigg was known to be an expert on black market offences. Therefore the Neat Man was handed to him.

All the relevant reports were brought to Hazlerigg and he studied them and analysed them and cross-indexed the results and hoped for a break.

Then, one night, the job ceased to be routine.

Hazlerigg was living, at that time, in a furnished flat towards the Highgate end of Hornsey Lane. He came home to it at a quarter to midnight after a long day. He felt very tired. When he got in he went to the sideboard for a tankard of beer and found, to his surprise, that the cupboard was empty.

There had been some table silver in it as well as the tankards; also a pair of rather nice small Georgian candlesticks. They were gone, too. With a sudden sinking feeling he made for his bedroom and opened the wardrobe. "Both suits and my dinner jacket," he said. "Curse him." He reached for the telephone.

"It's Mr. Neat all right," said the divisional detective-inspector on arrival. "It's got all the trade marks. Here's where he stopped to take a look at himself." He pointed to a barometer hanging on the wall. "No marks of forcing on the door, neither. Did you turn the mortice lock when you went out, sir?"

Hazlerigg had the grace to blush. "No," he said. "I forgot."

From that moment he really started putting his back into the job.

First thing next morning he summoned Sergeant Brakewell to his room. What Sergeant Brakewell didn't know about locks could hardly be classified as knowledge.

"Let's run through the subject of picking locks," he said. "In particular, the locks on the doors of flats."

"Well, sir," said Sergeant Brakewell, "it's a big subject. But roughly speaking . . ."

At the end of three-quarters of an hour he paused for breath, and Hazlerigg said: "As I understand it, catch locks are easy. You push the tongues back with a stiff bit of talc, or gum the works up with liquid paraffin and use a plain key. Mortice locks are more difficult, but most real experts have such a fine collection of basic keys — what people call skeleton keys—that they can usually find one to fit. And if it won't quite fit they cover it with lampblack, push it in, look at the scratches, file it down a trifle, and Bob's your uncle."

"That's about it," said Sergeant Brakewell.

"Right. Now here are the records of more than forty housebreakings. We're pretty certain they are the same man. I'll let you have them to study and I'll arrange for you to see the actual locks themselves if you think it'll be helpful—and if you want a recent and untouched specimen," he added grimly, "I have the very thing for you at home."

"So I've heard," said Sergeant Brakewell with a discreet grin.

A week later he made his report.

"I think, sir," he concluded, "that there's no reasonable doubt. In every case the door was opened with a copy of the actual key. As I explained, where the lock's new, a copy key will make very much the same marks as the regular one. But where it's an old lock, one which has developed play, a copy, however careful, will leave marks."

He enumerated them, and Hazlerigg listened a little absent-mindedly.

When Sergeant Brakewell had gone he opened the Classified Directory and searched under the house agents until he found the firm he wanted. Then he turned to the records of the cases, and went through them again, copying down certain details.

TO Inspector Walsh, two days later, he confided the results of his inquires. "I think we're on to something here," he said, "though I'm blessed if I can quite see how it works. If Brakewell's right about the keys—and I'd back his judgment in that line against anyone in England—then it means that this burglar must at some time or other have had his hand on the original keys. But then you're up against a difficulty. House keys are things people are apt to be a bit careful with. I mean, they don't leave them lying about or entrust them to perfect strangers. I didn't anyway. I don't think my door key was ever out of my possession."

"But the house agent——"

"Exactly," said Hazlerigg. "So I took the trouble to find out who had acted in the letting of all these flats."

"And it was the same firm?"

"Not quite," said Hazlerigg. "It was three firms. All North London firms, it's true, but not connected with each other, so far as I know. Start and Baxter of Hornsey, Croppers of Highgate, and Shaw, Shaw, Shaw and Shaw of Hampstead. I'm on my way to see Croppers now."

Messrs. Croppers ("If you want a House of Character come to Croppers") have their estate agency on Highgate Hill. Mr. Cropper, who wore a Victorian frock coat, was evidently a Man of Character.

Inspector Hazlerigg introduced himself and explained a small part of what was in his mind to Mr. Cropper. Mr. Cropper said: "We are always very friendly with Start and Baxter—a very nice little firm. But as for Shaw and Shaw, well, you know Inspector, they're hardly in our line. In fact they're hardly the sort of firm I'd care to . . . I speak off the record, of course."

"Of course."

"I should describe them," said Mr. Cropper, "as modern. We here at Croppers have certain old-fashioned traditions, certain prejudices as to what is and what is not fair dealing."

HALF an hour later Hazelrigg was seated in the chromium and almost-leather interior of Messrs. Shaw, Shaw, Shaw and Shaw's estate office in Hampstead. The senior partner, after glancing cautiously at the chief inspector's card, said: "Yes, I know Croppers very well. We have as little to do with them as we can. This is an up-to-the-minute business and we try to run it on up-to-the-minute lines."

He glanced complacently at the six huge olive-green steel filing cabinets. "I can't think of any possible—er—line of connection between us. I don't even recollect that we've ever taken on one of their employees. Nor, so far as I know, have any of our employees stepped—er—down to join them."

Mr. Baxter, of Start and Baxter, a little sandy-haired man who worked in a three-room office in Hornsey, proved the most helpful and the easiest to deal with: and in return Hazlerigg told him a great deal more of the truth than he had exposed to either of his rivals.

"Let me see," said Mr. Baxter. "We got your flat for you, didn't we? I thought I recognized you. Yes. Well, now about those other firms. I don't really have a great deal to do with them—now."

Hazlerigg looked up.

"It used to be different, just after the end of the war when everybody wanted flats and houses and people were queueing up for anything and everything. There used to be a certain amount of splitting commissions, among the established firms, and I worked in with Shaws and Croppers on one or two deals. The idea, from our point of view, was to keep the mushroom businesses out of it—and it suited the public, too. It meant that they could use two or three different firms to sell their houses without the risk of having to pay two or three commissions."

"But you didn't work together over all these jobs?" Hazlerigg pointed to his list.

"Oh, Lord, no," said Mr. Baxter. "In fact, I don't think any of those were joint jobs. That arrangement was really mostly confined to outright sales. . . ."

"I see," said Hazlerigg. "Now about the keys. . . ."

"Well, you're quite right there, too, of course. House agents do hold the keys in nine cases out of ten. It's one of the risks you have to take. We're as careful as we can be in picking our assistants. I've just got my son here and one other, and I'd go bail for both of them. But in a big firm like—well, never mind names. In a big firm, I don't say you mightn't get a bad 'un."

"But, so far as you know," said Hazelrigg, "no one person—principal or employee—could have had *all* the keys on that list?"

"You can bet your life on that," agreed Mr. Baxter.

And yet the idea was there.

It was based on something that he had seen or heard when he was completing arrangements for the lease of his own flat. Hazlerigg knew better than to try to force these ideas. Instead, he went home early and had a good night's rest.

It was on the top of the bus, on his way to Scotland Yard next morning, that it clicked.

As soon as he reached his office he got on the telephone to Mr. Rumbold of Markby, Wragg and Rumbold, solicitors.

"Can you tell me," he said, "when you acted for me in the lease of my flat. What did we get?"

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Rumbold cautiously.

"What papers did we get? I seem to remember signing a document of some sort which had to be handed over. Did we get anything in exchange?"

"You signed a counterpart lease," said Mr. Rumbold, "and received the original lease for yourself."

"Have you got it there?"

"It's in my strongroom."

"Then get it out, please," said Hazlerigg. "I'm coming round to see you."

Half an hour later he was in Mr. Rumbold's office in Coleman Street and they were examining an engrossment.

"Is there anything that strikes you as unusual about this lease?" asked Hazlerigg.

MR. RUMBOLD picked up the four pages of heavy parchment, folded bookwise, and ran his eye over them.

"No," he said at last. "There's certainly nothing irregular about it, if that's what you mean. In fact," he went on, "it's rather a conscientious piece of work."

"Rather unusually conscientious?"

"By present-day standards, perhaps, yes. It has a large-scale plan, showing each individual room—that is perhaps a little uncommon in a lease of house property."

"And that schedule thing."

"Most leases of furnished flats have schedules of contents," said Mr. Rumbold. "Then, if any question of dilapidations arises. . . ."

Hazlerigg ran his eye down the schedule.

"One sideboard with two drawers and two cupboards (locked)," he saw. This appeared to decide him.

"Look here," he said. "Can you get hold of some of the other leases of flats on this list?"

"Well—yes. I might," said Mr. Rumbold. "I think I acted for Mrs. Frobisher myself, and Colonel Davenant goes to Lathoms—they'd loan me the lease if I gave some reason."

"Make up anything you like," said Hazlerigg. "I promise you your professional reputation won't be compromised. But collect as many of them as you can."

"I may be able to get two or three."

"One other thing," said Hazlerigg. "When you'd actually completed the arrangements for my lease, you yourself handed me the keys. That was the fact that stuck in my memory. Now how did you get them? What was the routine? Who gave them to you?"

"The solicitors on the other side, I should imagine," said Mr. Rumbold. "They handed them over at completion."

"Is that usual?"

"In the sale of a freehold property, yes. In the lease of a flat it's more usual, perhaps, for the house agent to hand them direct to the incoming tenant.''

"But a solicitor is perfectly within his rights in asking for them, so that he can hand them over himself?''

"Certainly, yes. I should say that was the proper way for the landlord's solicitor to do it.''

"I see,'' said Hazlerigg. As indeed, he was beginning to do.

Mr. Rumbold was better than his word. Two days later he had six leases spread out on his desk when Hazlerigg called. He was examining them with the beginnings of a frown on his plump face.

"There's no doubt about it,'' he said, in answer to the inspector's first question. "They were all drawn by the same man. As you know, a solicitor doesn't actually put his name on an engrossment but there are so many points of similarity. You see—the same large-scale plan. The detailed schedules of furniture. But it isn't only that. Look at that last clause——''

When Hazlerigg had deciphered the law script he threw back his head and laughed aloud.

"Genius,'' he said. "That's genius—the genuine unmistakable touch. Now for it. Who drew up these leases?''

"That's an easy one to answer,'' said Mr. Rumbold. "If the same firm acted for all the landlords, I can find them by turning up your file. Incidentally that explains the agents, too. If we're dealing with only two or three groups of landlords or estate corporations who employ the same solicitor, they would naturally use the same two or three agents—there's usually some sort of professional tie-up.'' He was opening the file as he spoke.

"Henryman and Bosforth,'' he said. "I don't know much about them. The office is just off Bedford Row.''

A LITTLE later that morning Inspector Hazlerigg was shown into the outer office of Henryman and Bosforth. Inspector Walsh was just behind him and Sergeant Crabbe loitered unobtrusively on the opposite pavement.

"It's about the lease of my flat,'' he said to the girl. "Stuart and Baxter are the agents. They told me——''

"Oh, yes,'' said the girl. "That'll be our Mr. Capley. He does all that. Would you wait in here for a moment. I'll send him down. Are you——?''

"The other gentleman is with me,'' said Hazlerigg.

They sat in the small waiting-room. Five minutes passed.

"You don't think he's walked out on us, do you?'' said Walsh anxiously.

"Crabbe will pick him up if he has,'' said Hazlerigg. "There's only one way out. Anyway here he comes.''

There was the sound of light footsteps tripping down the stairs and a little man came almost dancing in. Just inside the door hung a huge framed advertisement of the Consequential Insurance Company. As he passed it the little man paused for a minute to straighten his perfectly straight tie.

"Gentlemen,'' he said. "I am Mr. Capley. I am very glad to see you.''

"Mr. Capley,'' said Inspector Hazlerigg, "you are not nearly as glad to see me''—Walsh slid unobtrusively between him and the door—"as I am to see you.''

• • •

"What was it you spotted in the leases?'' I asked Hazlerigg later.

"Well, it wasn't a pinch of dust,'' he replied.

"All right,'' I said, "don't rub it in. What was it?''

"They all had a clause,'' said Hazlerigg, "forbidding the tenant to keep a dog.''

A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 12

Guthrie Brewer were both intelligent-looking, handsome, well-dressed men. Gatling had a thick-featured peasant face with small, bright eyes and very thick, dark eyebrows, and he carried too much weight for a man still under fifty. But looking at the three of them, nobody could have doubted who was the master.

"The Minister said: "The main thing is—we don't want any trouble.'' At the age of twenty-two he had adopted a slight Scots accent as being the most acceptable to any company, democratic or aristocratic. "If it gets round that we've had any sort of row with Sewell, we might just as well publish the thing and be done with it.''

Myers said: "What sort of trouble do you mean?''

"Well, if he comes here and we tell him he can't publish his stuff and he goes away sore, the next thing'll be a question in the House asking whether His Majesty's Government is interfering with the spread of scientific knowledge. And that'll be followed by a supplementary about Professor Sewell of the Haughton Laboratory, and there we shall be.'' He looked up from under the thick eyebrows and smiled. "I shall have to butter him up.'' He looked at Brewer. "Does he like butter?''

"He thrives on it, Minister.''

"Most of us do. Well, then—what sort of butter?''

"Could you get him a K?'' said Myers tentatively. "He's a senior man.''

"I dare say it could be arranged. What d'you think, Brewer? Would he come quietly for a knighthood?''

Brewer hesitated. "I don't doubt that he'd be very pleased. He's an ambitious man. But. . . .''

"But what?''

"I think there might be a good deal of—of feeling in scientific circles.'' Brewer met the Minister's bright little eyes and added hastily: "In any case it would draw attention to Sewell and the work at the Haughton which is surely exactly what you want to avoid.''

The Minister stared at him for a moment in silence. "Well, I know I haven't got the right idea about titles,'' he said contemptuously. "But if I'd done a piece of work like that and you offered me a K.B.E. if I didn't publish it, I should laugh in your face. If I didn't slap it. But of course the scientific mind may be different.''

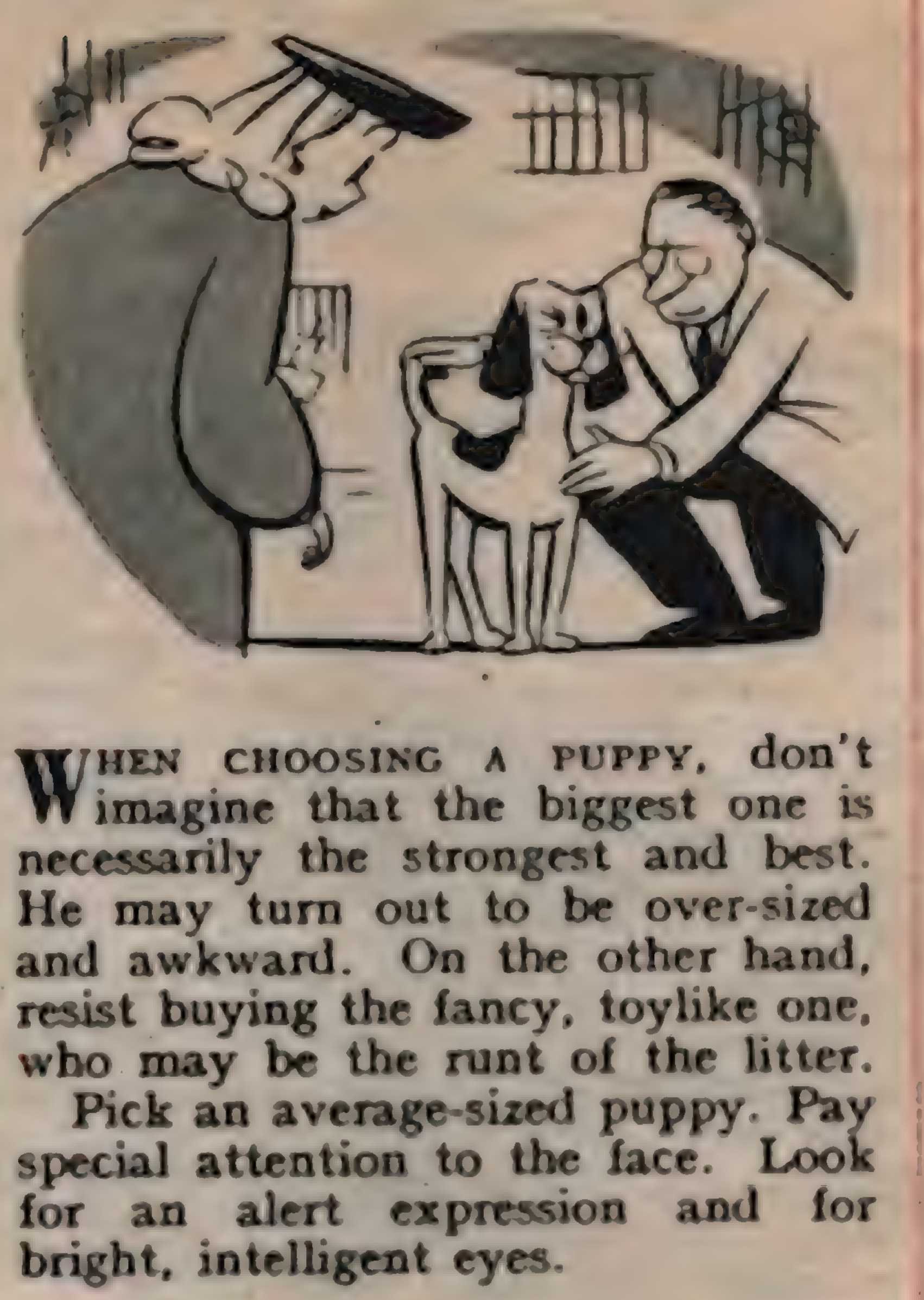
He waited for Brewer's flush to reach its maximum temperature and then added gently: "Nothing personal intended, of course, Sir Guthrie.''

Brewer, who disliked the Lord President of the Council more than any other man in England, smiled briefly and painfully.

"I'm not at all sure,'' he said, "that Sewell will be an easy man to butter—*effectively* that is. He has the reputation of being as obstinate as a mule. But is the buttering process really necessary, Minister? After all—you're not asking for a favour. You're giving an instruction in the national interest. Sewell may be a well-known man but he must realize that in the last analysis he can't fight the Government.''

NOW YOU KNOW

by BERNARD GEIS



WHEN CHOOSING A PUPPY, don't imagine that the biggest one is necessarily the strongest and best. He may turn out to be over-sized and awkward. On the other hand, resist buying the fancy, toylike one, who may be the runt of the litter.

Pick an average-sized puppy. Pay special attention to the face. Look for an alert expression and for bright, intelligent eyes.

Myers said: "That's a point.''

The Minister shook his head. "What you mean is that he can't beat it. But he can fight it. I want to avoid that.''

Myers said: "But surely, Minister, if you make it clear to him that this is a serious matter. . . .''

"The trouble is,'' said Gatling suddenly, "that you two have a proper respect for Governmental wisdom. This chap may not have.'' He grinned broadly. "I haven't myself. But you're for toughness, are you?''

"Firmness,'' said Brewer. "I think it will pay with Sewell.''

The Minister looked at him for a moment and then nodded briefly. "All right. Thank you, Sir Guthrie.''

FOLLOWING Brewer's departure, the Minister said: "See how these Christians love one another,'' and then relapsed into silence, staring down at his blotter. Then he looked up and said: "I suppose there *is* something in this, Percy? It's not just Brewer and Co. ganging up on someone they don't like?''

Myers said: "Oh, no. They're quite right. I hate to say it, but they are. We couldn't risk letting him publish. I've seen Childs's report.''

The Minister sighed. "I don't like it,'' he said savagely. "I don't like it at all. It's not the right job for me.'' He walked over to the window and stood gazing moodily out. "You fight all your life for something and then before you know where you are you're on the other side of the fence fighting against it, with a lot of boot-lickers like Brewer to help you.''

He turned back and stared at Myers with a face like a sulky bulldog's.

"It was a wonderful life,'' Gatling said regretfully, "in the days when you weren't responsible for anything except cracking the Government. You could be reasonable and broad-minded and advanced and bold, and what have you. You could stand up in the House and make the Government look like worms. Clumsy worms. There was no danger that anybody'd take you seriously. You knew they couldn't *do* the things—or even tell you why they couldn't. Now all I can do is stand around and agree with the Civil Service. It's a waste of my talents.''

He shook his head. "You don't think there's any chance of our being kicked out at the next election?''

Myers said: "Not the next one. Maybe the one after that.''

Gatling shook his head. "By that time I shall be finished. God help me, I shall be seeing the *Treasury's* point of view about things by then.''

SEWELL accepted the big armchair, but he sat upright in it with his back very straight. The sun on his silver hair made a sort of halo.

Gatling said: "Do smoke if you'd care to. I'm going to.'' He had a reputation as the rudest and most short-tempered of men on the public platform. It was of great value to him in personal contacts. His quiet friendliness was always such a pleasant surprise.

Sewell inclined his head politely, but his hands stayed in his lap. The Minister fumbled in his pocket for his pipe.

"You know, Professor Sewell, I've always wanted to meet you—and for a reason you'll never guess.'' He started to load his pipe. "I hadn't much chance of ordinary education—not as much as I wanted, anyhow. So I had to educate myself as best I could.'' He smiled. "The good thing about that is that you can work on what you like. One of the things I wanted to know about was biology. And one of the first books I bought was called *Elements for Biological Students.* Remember it?''

Sewell said: "That little book? . . . That was written thirty years ago.''

"*Sewell's Elements for Biological Students,*'' said Gatling, smiling. "I remember it well.''

Sewell smiled slightly. "You remember the photographs. They were rather fine.''

The Minister frowned. "I don't think there were any photographs in my edition,'' he said doubtfully.

"No, no. There weren't. I was thinking of another book,'' said Sewell expressionlessly.

The Minister smiled. "I'm sorry to find you a cynic, Professor,'' he said gently. "I really did work from that book, you know.''

"I'm very gratified to know that,'' said Sewell coldly.

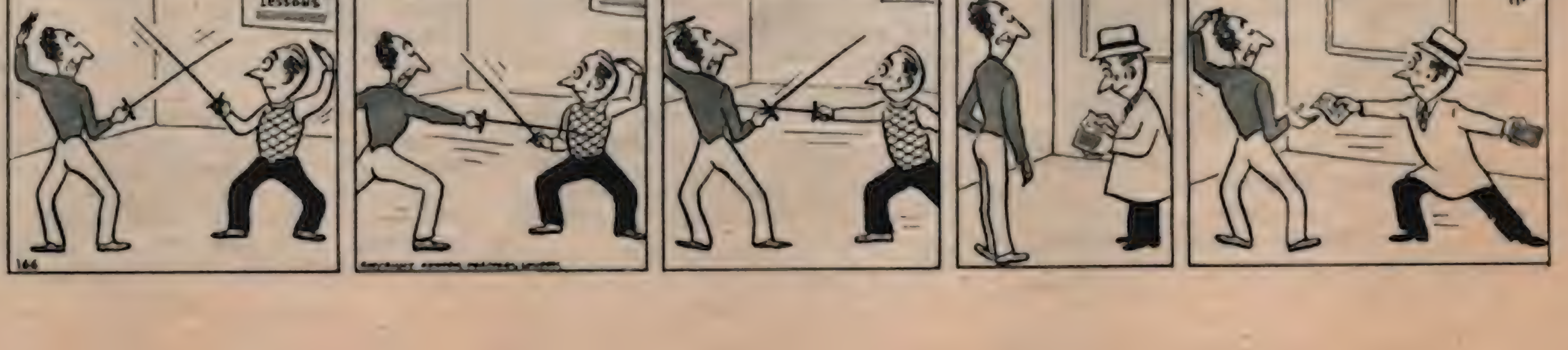
Gatling put a match to his pipe and said between puffs: "Well, now . . . though I read your book . . . I don't know much about these things nowadays. . . . But the people who do tell me that you're just finishing a . . . wonderful piece of work.''

"I should prefer to say that I was

Continued on page 25

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



Sweet young thing—but fickle!

by HUGH CASTLE

Lovely though she is, the rose insists on a costly schooling—and turns out to be rather a gold-digger

Rose fashions are ever-changing. Experts say a new vogue is on the way

THIS IS THAT TIME in the full pride of the year when a man comes home tired from office or factory, and strolls out into a bit of garden to cool his eyes at the sight of flowers.

Somewhere in that garden there will be roses, for there is hardly a garden in the country without them. Of all flowers the rose is the most popular and, in the general view, the most beautiful.

England, which regards the flower as an emblem, can claim to be one of the two great rose-growing countries of Europe: the other—France—perversely considers the flower peculiarly French.

British roses are an industry. There are roses being shipped from Britain every winter to places such as the Argentine, India, Italy and Egypt. The Commonwealth itself is a big purchaser, and heavy orders come from Kenya and Rhodesia, where nostalgic planters sigh for an English garden and write off for a few dozen Hybrid Teas.

A Family Affair

There are not many professional rose growers—less than 200. Theirs is a specialization, one usually passed down in the same family for two or three generations. The work is long and arduous. No man grows roses for a living unless he loves them. There are so many easier ways of paying taxes.

Immediately before the war the rosarians were selling twenty million rose trees a year in the British market alone. One or two firms annually handled a million bushes which they had raised themselves.

Those figures have fallen sharply, for rose land was mostly ploughed in at the beginning of the war, and stocks have not yet recovered.

Frank Harvey-Cant, one of the largest growers in the country, is chairman of the Association of British Rose Producers, whose 180 members employ getting on for 10,000 hands. Their gardens are scattered all over the country, but there is a tendency for rosarians to concentrate around Colchester, near Belfast, in the Nottingham and Leicester districts, around London and, to some extent, in Scotland.

The Three Stages

For nearly fifty years, Harvey-Cant has lived and worked for roses; he has written books about them, broadcast on them, grown them by the million and become the top authority on them. A quarter of a million bushes stand today on his trial grounds at Stanway, near Colchester.

The first thing to learn about this business, Harvey-Cant says, is that it takes three years to produce the young bush for which you pay about four shillings.

Here are the three stages: First year, the briar is raised from seed. Second year, the young briar is planted out from the nursery bed, and in July or August is "budded." Third year, the briar is now a rose, for the only growing point is the rose bud, the briar head having been removed in February.

The plant is grown on all the year, and later lifted and sold to its purchaser. A good rose bush, Harvey-Cant says, that has been grown "hard" in a place like Stanway should easily last twenty years—sometimes longer.

Why all this fuss? Why can't roses be grown on their own wood, like other things? Any keen gardener knows the answer. Roses produce a wood which does not stand up to winter weather and to diseases in the same way as does briar. Nor is the wood as vigorous.

So to get a good rose bush the grower buds a rose on to a briar seedling. From time to time there is a fad to grow roses on something different from briar, but, say experts, no really satisfactory substitute has yet been found.

The briar seedlings which form the base of our roses are seldom grown in Britain. They are mass-produced in Holland. So the first year in the three-year rose cycle takes place near the Zuyder Zee.

Then, with the seedling grown into a thrustful young plant, it is shipped in bulk to the British growers, and planted out a few inches apart in long, straight lines on wind-swept fields.

Growing on in exposed places like Stanway makes a tough tree. In the late summer after it has been planted the young briar is budded. This is where skill comes in.

The budder, using a special knife, makes a shape like a capital T low down on the briar, cuts a bud from the required variety to fit and slips it into the incision. Then he passes on to the next plant. Behind him comes the bandager, who binds the bud to the stock with raffia. A really good budder could once handle between 1,500 and 2,000 stocks in a day.

With labour hard to get and working hours shorter, the daily average today is nearer 400.

Standard roses, however, are wholly English, for they are best grown on briar which is found in English hedgerows.

Briar gathering is a chancy business and the number of men who are deft at it is decreasing. But year after year hard-handed countrymen will collect their bundles of saplings—and the prices they get from the growers are good. They are old fellows, mostly; young men today seem to know better tricks than wrestling with briars which can tear your hands into ribbons.

By the time it has been budded and grown on, the finished rose is expensive. It can cost hundreds of pounds to stock a big garden.

Even with top professionals the growing process is tricky. Buds can be sleepy and backward. Hundreds of them may just not "take." Winter frosts can loosen a plant and kill it. Exceptionally bad weather may mean a dead loss. With standards the proportion of misses is even higher.

Ground Must Rest

There is another reason for the expense. Rose production is not a process which can continue on the same ground year after year. The professionals give the land two years of roses and then put it under general cultivation for five. It is not that the roots drain the land of goodness. The reason is simply that tending the young roses means trampling the soil and it needs to recover.

So it comes about that Frank Harvey-Cant, who has 250 acres, has only twenty-five of them under roses at the moment. This winter his briar seedlings will be planted out in fields which are now under barley.

How long does it take a man to grow roses to a high standard? The answer, according to the people who do it, is that it is very much a life job. For the workers it is the allotted forty-seven hour week of the agricultural labourer. For the boss it's a seven-day job.

"Two years on the plough and two years bandaging. After that you can pick up a knife and start budding. Then your troubles start." That is Harvey-Cant's description of the job.

The Perfumed: The Tough

Having grown his roses, the rosarian then has to sell them. Roses have fashions like everything else.

For years now the vogue has been largely for Hybrid Teas—the heavy, perfumed roses to be found in most gardens—and for hybrid polyanthas—which throw trusses of smaller blooms. The polyantha is tough and will grow in soil and conditions which would make tea roses literally curl up and die.

Today the experts detect that a new vogue is starting. Keen gardeners are collecting the old species, the moss roses and the Penzance briars.

The new varieties, of course, are produced by the hybridists, the high priests among gardeners. Theirs is a one-man job, a mixture of gardening, botany and practical science. Most of the top rosarians have been hybridists themselves in their day. It is part of the cult. Harvey-Cant has raised scores of new roses. One of them is named after him.

If you look up the reference works you will find the best rose he produced on record like this:

CAPTAIN F. S. HARVEY-CANT: (Hybrid Tea.) Rich salmon-pink, faintly veined scarlet; suffused yellow; very large, high-pointed centre; delightful perfume; recommended. Gold Medal, National Rose Society.

This, if you pause to think about it, is a very pleasant way of staking a claim to something like immortality.

Mars are more marvellous now

NOW every Mars bar is coated with thick, rich, MILKY chocolate

NOW Mars caramel layer is thicker, has a new buttery flavour

NOW the chocolate malted-milk centre is lightning-whipped in white of egg

4d

Today's Mars is the *more* marvellous Mars—improved and enriched in three thrilling ways. Eat one slowly and taste the delicious blend of flavours that has made Mars the biggest-selling chocolate bar in Britain. Then eat another and experience that taste thrill all over again.

-and marvellous value too!

MARS LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS

Quick!

HAVE A

Bev!

A GOOD DRINK IN A WINK

Made by Lyons of Cadby Hall

CV522

It's nice being one of the crowd

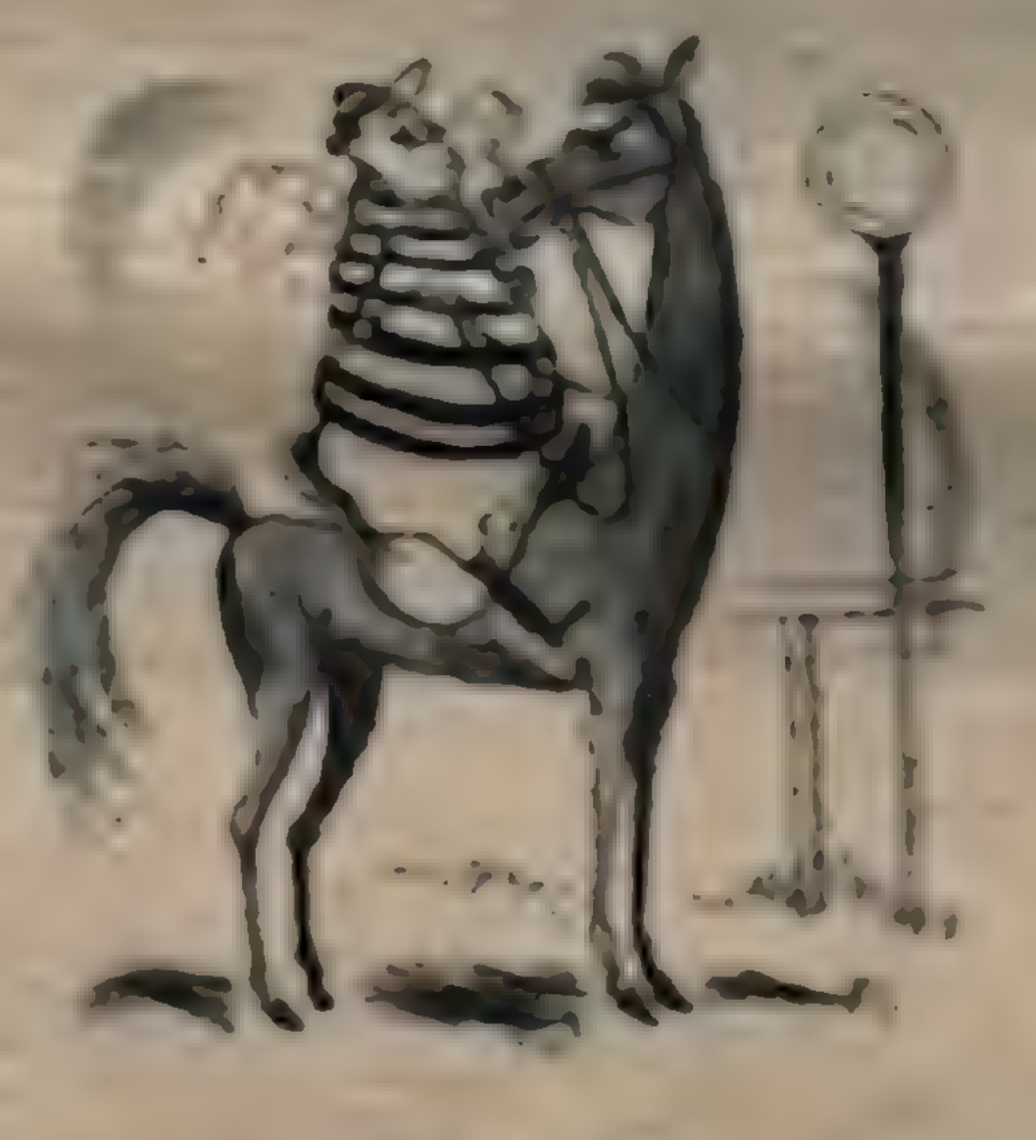
by HERBERT HODGE

ON THE PRINCIPLE that a man ought to try everything once, I've been to see a first-class cricket match — my first. I went to Lord's. And I was lucky enough to be taken by a friend who is both an enthusiast and an expert.

I hate to think I've got a blind spot —especially one that prevents me from enjoying the things my friends enjoy. But the older I grow, the more convinced I become that I must have a blind spot for sport.

This isn't for want of trying. I've tried hard. I'm willing to go to any kind of sport that a friend likes to take me to. And I've got plenty of enthusiastic friends. I've been taken to the dogs. I've been taken to the Derby, and I've been taken to a football match. But somehow I can never get properly worked up. I can only look on and wonder why.

I did think I was going to enjoy the Derby. And I certainly liked the look of the horses to begin with. If only I'd been allowed to ride a horse, I think I might have got some excitement out of it. But just to stand there and watch the jockeys having the fun seemed to me a disappointing way of spending the day. Besides, I lost two shillings.



If only I'd ridden . . .

I was taken by four enthusiastic friends to see a very important football match—and now I can't even remember the names of the teams; nor who won, or why. I saw a lot of chaps rushing about and constantly getting in each other's way.

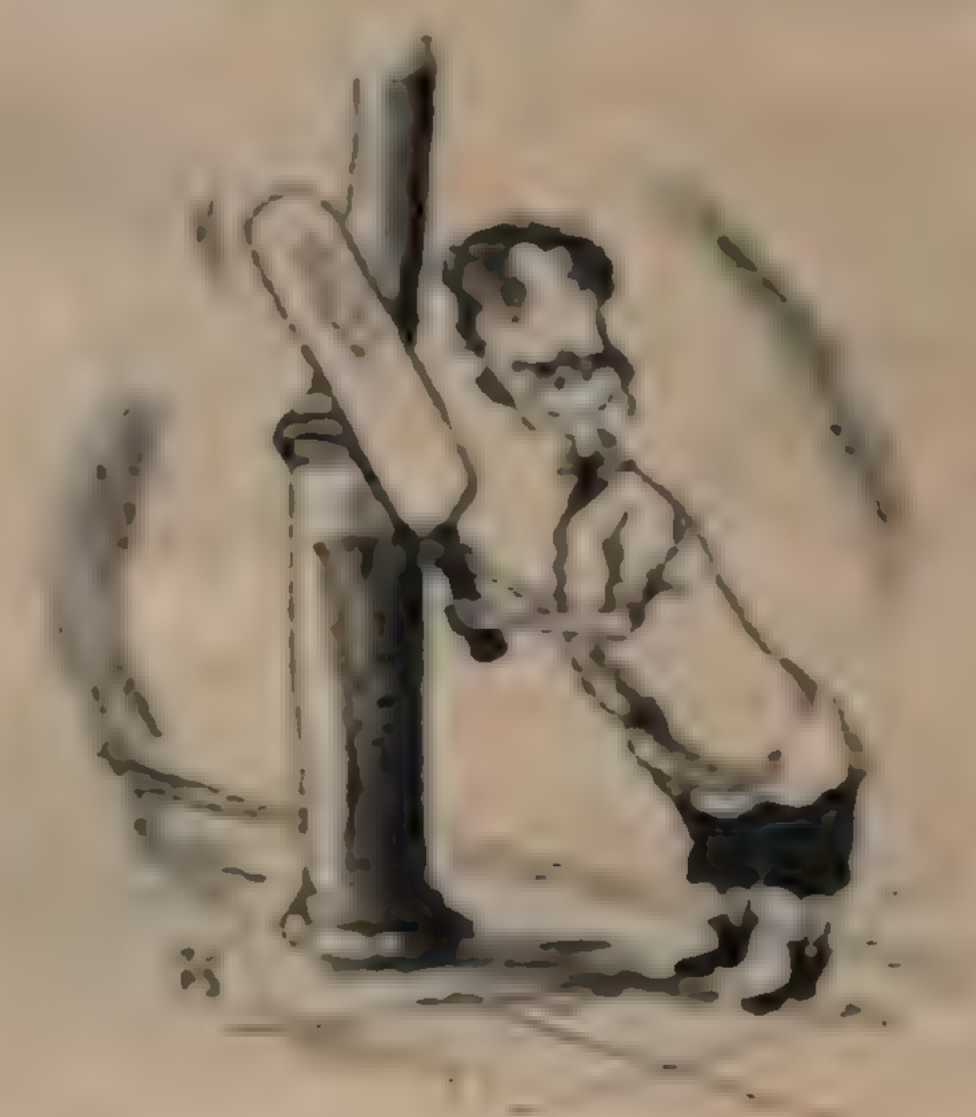
I find cricket easier to keep up with, probably because I was once a lamp-post cricketer myself—though, of course, they play a much more complicated game at Lord's. It's like the difference between draughts and chess.

My friend and I arrived at Lord's in the middle of one afternoon. The place was crowded. We squeezed in at the back of the stand, high up, and saw what we could over other people's shoulders.

I saw the bowler take a run, and throw the ball, and then the batsman take a snick at it and knock it a few yards. Then another man picked it up and tossed it back to the bowler, and the bowler took another little run and threw it at the batsman, and the batsman took another snick at it and knocked it a few yards, and the same chap picked it up again and tosed it back to the bowler. And so they went on—until they all changed round and started to do it again.

I watched this for some time, and then I remarked to my friend that they didn't seem to be running about a lot. Lamp-post cricket used to be much more exciting.

My friend explained that, to anyone who could appreciate the finer points, this was absolutely first-class playing. Nothing spectacular was happening because everybody was so good—good bowling versus good batting. I began to feel I'd never be able to appreciate first-class cricket.



Far more exciting . . .

So I started looking at the people who were appreciating it, to see what kind of people they were. And that was where I got absorbed. I don't think I've ever seen so many interesting faces gathered together in one place.

In most crowds, there's a little something in every face that makes the whole crowd closely akin. For instance, I like to think I can tell a football face from a concert face, and a political face from a cinema face.

But this cricket crowd struck me as being almost entirely a collection of oddities—as if, somehow, they'd all got there by accident, without really intending to.

I realized, of course, that this couldn't be so; and went walking all round the ground, trying to find the one quality they had in common—the one quality that had brought them there.

My friend, being a man of influence in the cricketing world, was able to take me wherever I fancied, and we finished up in the pavilion. Sitting among the notabilities, the experts and the old stagers, I saw a face I recognized. It's a face known to a good many people—but not in connection with cricket.

For me that face had a close personal connection. It belonged to a man who had once gone out of his way, in an act of gentle courtesy, to give a little group of struggling actors an enormous amount of encouragement.

Looking at that face, so placid and benign, as its owner sat there watching the cricket, I suddenly felt it expressed to perfection the one common quality there—the keen yet kindly enjoyment of a mind momentarily at peace with the world. And once I'd seen the essence of it in that one face, I seemed to see a reflection of it in every other face.

It was a delightful sensation—simply to feel I was part of such a crowd.

So although I never expect to know enough to appreciate the finer points of first-class cricket, I think I shall go to a lot more of those matches—just to enjoy being one of the crowd.

A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 22

just beginning it," said Sewell. He was saying all his words very carefully, sounding all the consonants fully.

"In fact," said Gatling, flicking his match away, "the trouble from our point of view is that it's a damned sight too good. You've scared my people out of their wits."

"In what way, Minister? I see no reason why any man should be alarmed at not having typhoid fever or bubonic plague." Sewell rolled the words out in his best prize-reader manner.

Gatling's lips tightened slightly. "Well, I think they've told you that, haven't they? I thought I saw a letter to you setting out our point of view?"

"Yes," said Sewell briefly. "I was sent a letter."

"Then we needn't spend time going all over it again. The point is that here's something that everybody agrees is a fine piece of work but which is felt to be too mixed up with defence matters to broadcast in the present state of the world. So we're asking you not to publish for the time being. We don't like the position any more than you do, but there it is. Now then—if you want to ask me about that decision, fire ahead."

THERE was a long pause. Then Sewell lifted his head and said: "By whom was this decision made?"

"By the Cabinet. Advised by its committee on scientific developments."

"Which in turn was advised by you?"

"Up to a point—yes."

Sewell nodded. "But you, sir, despite your early reading, wouldn't claim to be a scientist. You were therefore advised by——?"

"Sir Guthrie Brewer is my scientific adviser."

"Quite. But Sir Guthrie Brewer is, or was, a physicist. This matter is quite outside his field."

"The Government employs quite a few biologists, you know."

"Exactly. And Sir Guthrie Brewer was advised by them?"

"Yes."

Sewell smiled faintly. "Then the fact is that, though this is a Cabinet decision, the Cabinet is only the mouthpiece for some comparatively junior man in a Government Department?"

Gatling frowned at the bowl of his pipe. "That's a very nice piece of debating, Professor. But you can see the hole in it as well as I can. The Cabinet wasn't considering the scientific side of your work. The Cabinet aren't experts on science or any other technical subject—and I can tell you that if you ever do get a technical expert in the Cabinet he's a damned nuisance. On the technical facts we have to rely on our advisers. But on the *policy* arising out of those facts we have to make up our own minds. The advice we got—quite unanimously—was that your work, directly or indirectly, could be used by a potential enemy against this country. Now—do you dispute that?"

SEWELL hesitated. "I don't dispute that it is possible. But I dispute whether it is at all likely."

"But that's nothing to do with you, is it? That's not a scientific matter but a matter of judgment. And matters of judgment are *our* business."

"But can you divorce knowledge and judgment quite as easily as that?" said Sewell. "Are men who admittedly have no technical knowledge the best judges of the reaction of other technicians in other countries?"

"I don't know," said Gatling bluntly. "But that happens to be the way government's carried on."

Sewell nodded. "Now, supposing," he said reflectively, "that, thinking that decision to be wrong, I refuse to accept it? I mean, supposing I just disobeyed your orders and publish my work?"

"Need we go into that?" said Gatling, peering up under his heavy eyebrows with a smile.

"I should prefer to go into it," said Sewell coldly.

"All right. Then the answer is that you would bring the full force of the law against you. The Government, however inadequately, represents society, and if you defy the Government you defy society."

"But I might easily feel that since an ignorant Government was acting against the interests of an even more ignorant society, it was my duty to defy both."

"Then we should just have to put you in jail as a public menace," said Gatling curtly. "And that goes however good your intentions might be. All the worst public menaces have good intentions."

"Oh, yes. I quite realize that. If I defy you, you have the power of revenge. But how does it help you? You can't arrest me and keep me locked up for the rest of my life because I *might* prefer my judgment to yours. And if I communicate my work abroad, the harm, from your point of view, is done."

Gatling's small eyes were very bright. He smiled broadly and said: "Look, Professor—this is a very interesting theoretical discussion, but where can it get us? You're not a man who commits treason just to have his own way."

Sewell had gone very pale. He said: "Treason. . . ."

"Yes," said Gatling, misunderstanding. "It's a nasty word. But that's what it would amount to, you know."

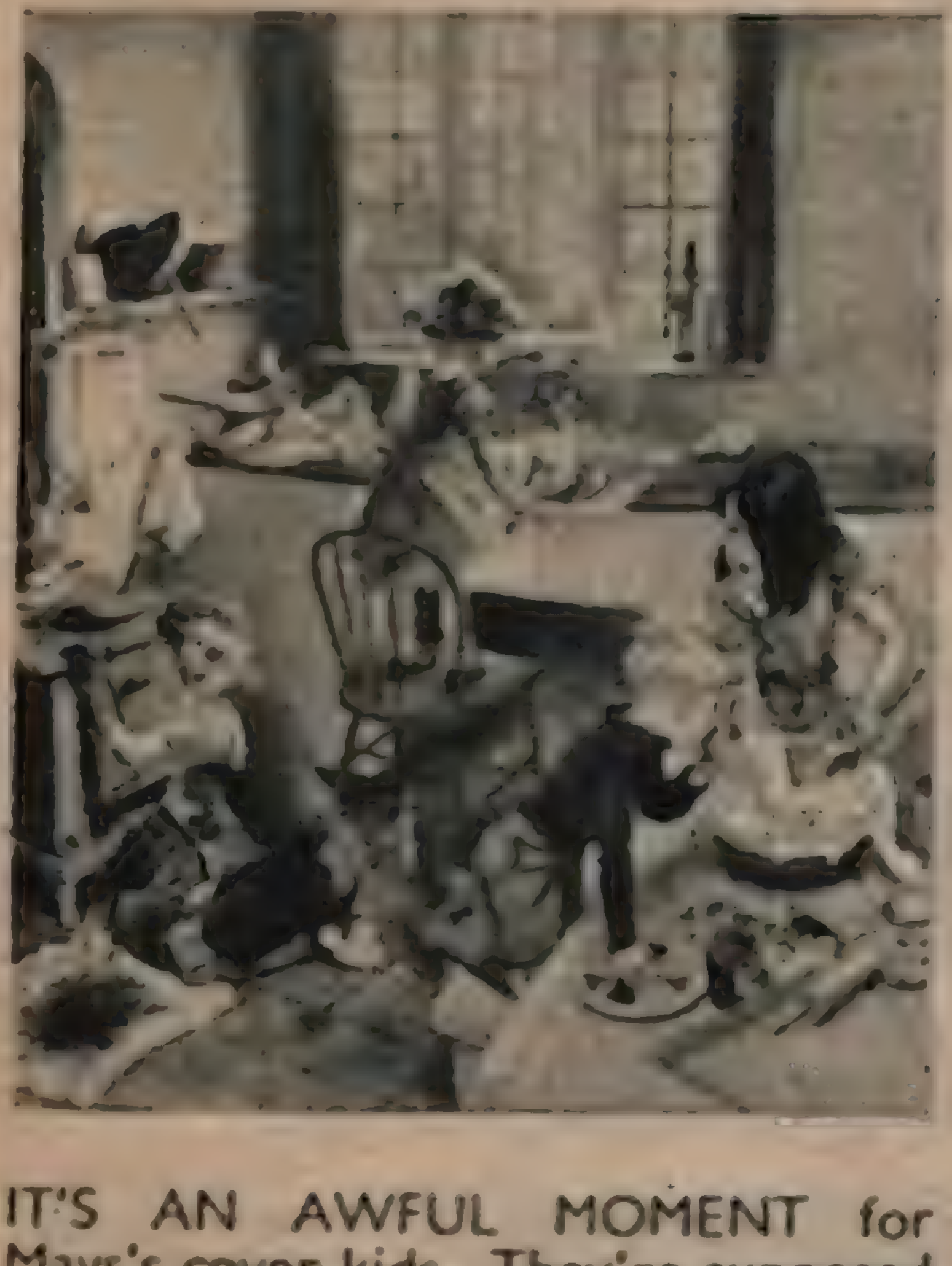
Sewell threw up his great head. "You don't seem to realize, sir," he said very quietly, "that you are placing me in a position in which treason is unavoidable."

Gatling frowned. "I don't . . ?"

"I am not a patriot," said Sewell in a low voice, staring straight ahead of him. "I have never felt that because I happened to be born in this country it was the only country that mattered. I have tried to give it a fair return for what it has given me. But after that

Continued on page 27

THIS WEEK'S COVER



IT'S AN AWFUL MOMENT for Mays's cover kids. They're supposed to be helping mother—though one of them at least has been helping himself. And now, as two startled faces show, mother has turned up. Douglas L. Mays says when he was young his mother insisted that the boys should share domestic chores with the girls. Today, he's of the same opinion himself—even after painting this cover.

Do what *baby* says

Baby can't talk but baby can tell you in baby's way which milk is best — by steady progress, by contentment, and sweet sleep. How gladly a mother welcomes these signs that baby is happiest on Ostermilk. (Up to four months baby should have Ostermilk No. 1 and, after that, change to Ostermilk No. 2).

Steady progress tells you

OSTERMILK

is right

Send 3d. for Ostermilk Baby Book:
Dept. 110, Glaxo Laboratories Ltd.,
Greenford, Middlesex.

. . . and FAREX for weaning

Weaning is happier with Farex to help. Glaxo Laboratories make this digestible, nourishing, bone and blood-building blend of cereals which is readily accepted by babies. Farex needs no cooking — just add sugar and milk.

FILM ON TEETH CAN BE DANGEROUS

Dingy, clinging film, alive with harmful bacteria, forms from saliva and food-debris, clouds the shining beauty of your smile, and may pit precious tooth-enamel and lead to decay. Only Pepsodent contains Irium, which kills clinging film, leaves teeth gleaming-white.

The film that clouds your smile is *hard to shift*. It is active with harmful bacteria that can pit tooth-enamel, and tartar may form that only your dentist can remove.

Pepsodent's exclusive Irium emulsifies and washes away film; then Pepsodent's wonderful polishing agent gives enamel a polish that affords no foothold for germs. Brush your teeth with Pepsodent after meals, and visit your dentist twice a year — for white teeth *that will last*.

NEW! Pepsodent's new foaminess and mintiness make tooth-cleaning a joy. Try Pepsodent for yourself, and see how after just one week the Irium in it makes your teeth gleam, your mouth feel always beautifully fresh.

THE IRIUM IN *Pepsodent* FIGHTS FILM

PD 133r-928-55

THE TROPICS COME TO HERTFORDSHIRE

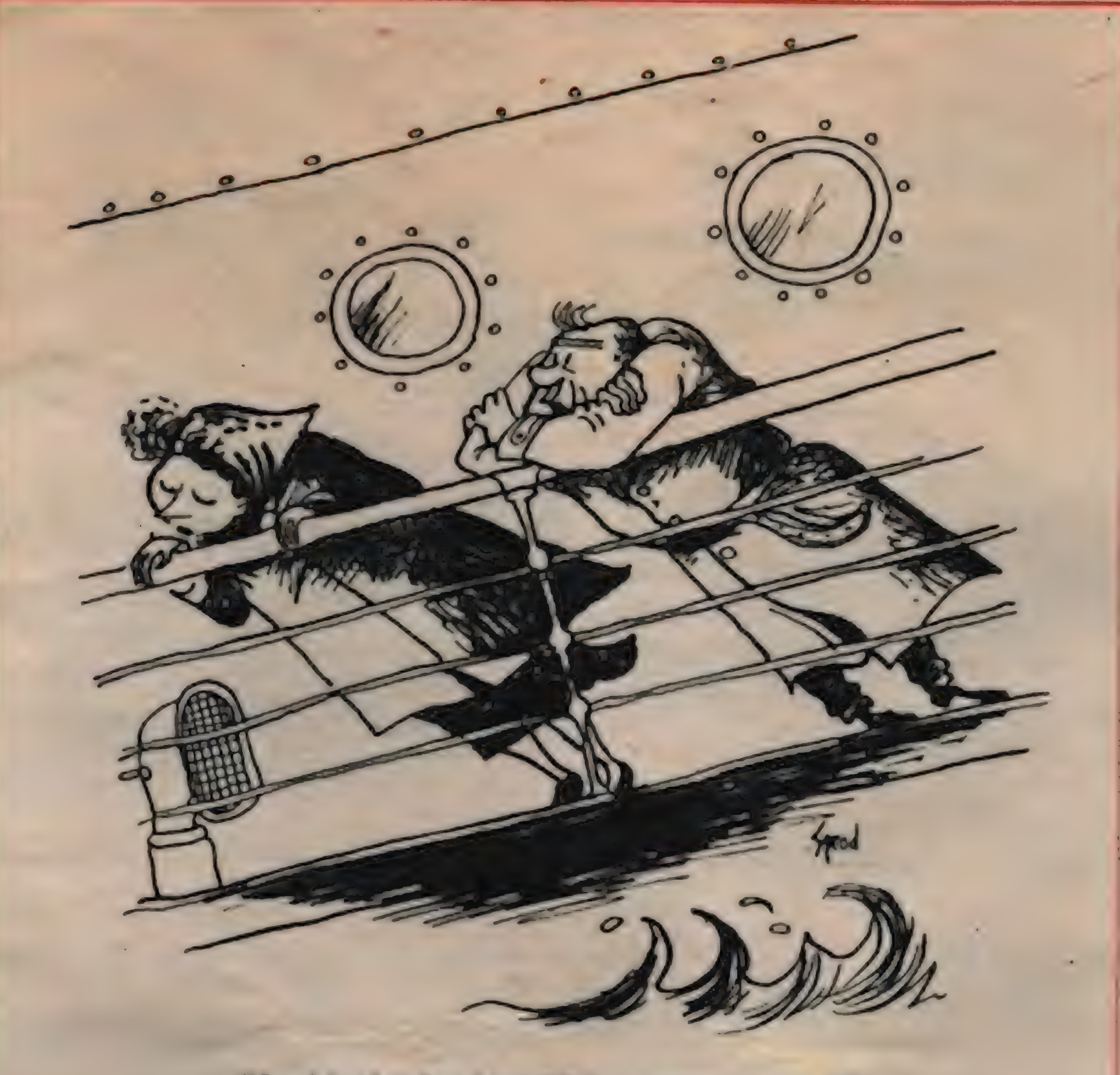
Deep in the heart of Welwyn Garden City we have a laboratory hot-house. This is a sort of torture chamber where Murphy wireless sets for export are introduced to Sahara heat, Burma damp and any other highly unpleasant climate we can think up. It doesn't bother them. We leave them working under most appalling conditions for months on end. And it still doesn't bother them. So it's not surprising that these sets work so reliably in 'furrin parts'. Perhaps this is why Murphy's share in British Domestic Radio exports went up by 18% in 1948.

murphy

CRC4H

Ryvita and Marmalade

FOR BREAKFAST



"You'd think there'd be some sort of rebate — for the meals, at any rate"

A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 25

my loyalty is to the world. I seem to remember a time, sir, when you and some of your present colleagues felt the same in your sphere. You seem to have changed your minds. I haven't."

Gatling said quickly. "Don't answer this if you don't want to. But are you a member of—of any political party?"

"No," said Sewell savagely, "I'm not a Communist nor a Socialist nor a Fascist nor any of your precious 'ists,' except a scientist. But more particularly I'm not a nationalist. You tell me that I mustn't publish my work because there's an outside chance that some vague enemy might use the stuff to kill Englishmen. But I *know* that that stuff, properly developed, can save half a million lives a year all over the world. You say it will be treason to publish it. I say it will be treason to those half a million people if I don't."

There was a moment's pause. Then Gatling said quietly: "Professor Sewell—do you realize the present state of the world?"

"No, sir," said Sewell bitterly, "I don't. Except that I assume it's in its usual mess. But who made it in that mess? People who took my line or people who took yours? We're told every day that what's wrong with the world is fear and suspicion and lack of goodwill. You all go round deploring it. And then you do things like this just to make sure that everybody's got something to be frightened and suspicious about."

He paused for a moment and closed his eyes. Then very quietly and politely he said: "What I am asking, sir, is why I or any other scientist should allow our work to be suppressed and wasted by what we know to be criminal folly. You wanted me to speak frankly?"

He opened his eyes. Gatling was staring at him. But the bright little eyes were not smiling now. He said slowly: "That's right. I'm glad you *have* spoken frankly. Mind if I do the same?"

Sewell bowed his head with conscious dignity.

"Right," said Gatling briskly. The Scots accent had disappeared and was replaced by the merest trace of Cockney. "Professor, if I came to your laboratory and admitted I knew nothing about biology and then lectured you about it, you'd be angry. And quite right. But you come here and tell me you're not interested in politics—sounding proud of it, mind you—and then tell me my job."

He raised his hand as Sewell was about to speak. "Wait a minute—let me finish. The trouble with all you experts is that you want it both ways. You spend a lifetime learning to do your particular sort of trick or crossword puzzle and at the end you're very good at it—much better than any of the rest of us. But you don't feel that that makes you any less qualified to do other things. In fact, you think it makes you *better* qualified. After forty years in a laboratory, you feel quite capable of coming out and telling the politician his business—though he may have spent those forty years learning to think properly and logically.

"When scientists start talking about the 'scientific mind' and 'logical thinking' as though they were the only people with minds above the two-plus-two-equals-four level then I get angry. And it makes me rude."

Gatling leaned forward with his hard, bulldog grin. "Everything you've told me," he said, "I'd thought about and talked about and argued at street corners by the time I was twenty. For the last thirty years, while you've been studying biology, I've been learning what's wrong with that point of view—by studying people. Let me tell you what I've learned. . . ."

He leaned back in his chair and stared at his blotting paper with the bushy eyebrows puckered.

"You think," he said slowly, "that people are fundamentally decent and just and peaceful and that they want decency and justice and peace. You're right. They do. But what you forget is that they want them on their own terms. And their own terms don't add up. They want decency and justice without interference with their liberty to do as they like. They want peace without risks—and so on. You think the politician makes opinion—that he twists the people round his little finger by exploiting their simple ignorance. Well, there are a lot of politicians about who think that, too. You'll find them losing their deposits at elections, or hanging from lamp-posts all over Europe.

"The men who survive—the 'leaders,' as they like to call themselves—are the chaps who've spent a lifetime learning to compromise between a set of demands that are all very reasonable in themselves but that don't add up. How to do less work and have more money. How to spend more, reduce taxation, and balance the budget. How to be strong if there's a war but not to prepare for it, mention it, or even think about it beforehand."

Gatling gave him a level stare. "You talk to me about logical thinking, Professor. Give me a logical problem—give me something in which two and two are allowed to equal four and haven't somehow got to equal five—and I'll agree with you. But until then—it isn't so easy."

Sewell hesitated. "I don't quite see the application. . . ."

"You say," said Gatling moodily, "that you'd be prepared to take the chance that this stuff of yours might be used against us, in order to give it to the world. Fine. So would I. So let's do it and feel really big and bold and generous. Then there's a war and it comes back at us and kills us. That's all right. We took a gamble and it didn't come off. But it also kills Mrs. Jones of Tooting, and her cousin Harold. They didn't feel big and bold and generous. They just got killed."

"But surely if government is going to be any good it must take responsibility for doing the right thing," said Sewell. "You've got to explain to Mrs. Jones and Harold what you're doing and why you're doing it."

Gatling sighed. "D'you know what they'd say?" he said wearily. "They'd say: 'Go ahead. That's fine. We're all in favour of generosity and boldness.' And then, just as you were going out of the door, they'd say: 'But, of course, mind you, if you take the slightest risk with our safety, you're a scoundrel.'"

He spread out his hands. "Look, Professor. You're an idealist and an internationalist and all the nice, admirable things that make you feel good inside. And tomorrow you can go back to your laboratory feeling that you've stuck to your principles and that if only the bloody politicians would follow them everything would be fine. I used to feel just like that. But like a fool I never arranged to have a laboratory to go to. I stuck around in politics. And after a while they got tired of my telling them what to do and said: 'All right. You know so much, you have a go.' And here I am."

He shook his head. "Now I don't mind your thinking that I'm wrong about this. I may well be. But what I mind is your thinking that you and people like you can be right just by some sort of instinct. Every man's got a right to his own view of how to run the world—and even to try it, if anybody'll let him. But what he hasn't got a right to do is to think himself so superior that he can do it with one hand—without knowledge—without experience—without any damn thing except plenty of confidence."

"I have no such illusions," said Sewell coldly.

"Or," said Gatling gently, "that he can suddenly wash out the Government, the law of the land, and anything else he likes just because they don't fit in with his theory, and act as a pure individualist answerable only to himself."

He peered up at Sewell from under the heavy brows. "We're talking frankly, so I'll tell you something. Before I saw you I was advised by two lots of people. One lot suggested that you should be offered the K.B.E. and the other that you should be threatened with the Official Secrets Act. Both quite reasonable suggestions in their way—for some people." He paused. "But for you I'd rather just say this: what you'd like to do is what I'd like to do—as an individual. But as a Minister of the Crown, knowing what I do about the international situation, I can't do it without betraying a trust. I ask you to accept that as my honest verdict—as the verdict of a man doing his best with a difficult job."

He added: "It's one of those cases where people like ourselves have to accept that the world's very imperfect and get on and improve it, instead of acting as though it was perfect already."

"The world will never be perfect enough, sir, to make it unnecessary to take risks."

The spotlight of the sun was full on the silver halo. Gatling hesitated for a moment and then shook his head.

"That might be a good thing to say in debate, Professor. It doesn't mean anything, and it sounds as though it means a lot. But this isn't a debate."

Sewell flushed. "I would remind you, sir, that to you this matter is a small administrative point. To me it is the fate of twelve years' work and twenty years of thought. It is unlikely to be I who am doing the debating." He threw out a hand. "I simply disagree with you about the nature of your responsibilities. Surely I can do that without being charged with insincerity?"

"Of course you can," said Gatling curtly. "It's a free country. Anybody's allowed to disagree with anybody. But if you want to *do* anything about it you'll have to go and ask the electorate to put itself in your hands instead of in the Government's. And until then your opinion's just—an opinion."

He passed a hand over his eyes. "Come on Professor," he said wearily. "The system's all wrong. The world's all wrong. The politicians are all wrong. But they're all *there* and we've got to do the best we can with them *now*. Forty years in a laboratory learning to face the facts. Help me face this one."

Sewell made no reply. His face, turned towards the window, was slightly sullen. The sunlight emphasized his wrinkles, making him look very worn and cold. After a short silence he made a helpless gesture. "You criticize me," he said, "for trusting my own judgment when I don't know the facts. What's the reason for your alarm? Is it based on anything specific or just on vague suspicion? Whom do you fear, and why? Are you just worrying on principle or is there something to worry about?"

Gatling hesitated. "All right," he said. "That's fair enough. If we want you to co-operate we've got to convince you. I know you'll understand that this is in the strictest confidence, but here are the facts as we see them. . . ."

Later, when the professor had listened and left, Myers came silently in and stood waiting. For some minutes the Lord President did not look up. Then he said: "Not so good, Percy."

Myers said: "He was difficult?"

"Bloody difficult."

"You don't think he'll do—anything silly?"

Gatling thought for a moment. "No,

I don't think so. But he isn't convinced." He shifted restlessly in his chair. "He's one of those damned people with a mind like a bright boy of eighteen. And it's very difficult to show a famous old man that he's all up in the air and immature."

There was a short silence. Myers said: "You think we should put the dogs on him?"

"We must put them on the place, anyhow." Gatling frowned. "I don't want him to come to any harm," he said thoughtfully. "Why did it have to be him? Why couldn't it have been some nice respectful little bloke instead of that old prima donna? We'll have to get somebody to talk to him . . . somebody he'll listen to."

He knocked his pipe out into the ash-tray. "Have a think about it, Percy, will you? We don't want any trouble."

A FINE rain was falling as Lucy and Ivor came out of the tube station. Ivor walked quickly with a curious stiff turning of his body.

Lucy said:

"How much are you going to hate this evening?"

"The party? Why should I hate it? The last one was damn funny. The people are so wonderful."

"The people who—come in?"

"Oh, yes. Not the boys. I suppose they're funny, too, but you get tired of the joke when you see them every day. There are two of them—Lee and little Billy Cadman—who just add up to one complete man between them. Lee's got no legs but good arms, and he can see. Billy's blind and he's only got one working hand, but his legs are fine. As a team they're wonderful."

Lucy said: "What sort of people do come in?"

"Nice people," said Ivor. "They're all nice. If they weren't so nice they wouldn't be so funny." He smiled to himself. "Their big line is tact. It's a sort of game—how to deal with a man with a few bits missing without even *noticing* that there are bits missing. The first one I went to I spent about an hour longing for a drink because everybody was too tactful to pick my glass up and give me one, and nobody'd thought of straws."

Lucy said: "I ought to come. I can't think why you won't let me."

"Not on your life. This is my private comedy. Besides, it gives you an evening off, and God knows you need it." He turned the sunken face towards her, which made his walk odder than ever. "What're you going to do with yourself?"

"I don't know," said Lucy casually. "I might go to the flicks."

"That's right," said Ivor gently. "Something like that. Spot of relaxation." He was smiling at her with peculiar sweetness.

Lucy kept her eyes straight ahead and said: "You're sure about their bringing you home?"

"Oh, yes. They always do from these shows. You can forget about me till bedtime—and till tomorrow morning if you want to."

Lucy said: "There's some money in your top right-hand waistcoat pocket. Cigarettes and matches right jacket pocket.

"Want a cigarette now?"

Ivor shook his head in silence. His eyes were fixed on the big building that they were approaching. He was very pale.

Lucy said in a matter-of-fact way: "We'll just pop down the alley."

They turned aside down a small opening beside the high building. A notice on the wall said: "Commit no Nuisance." Lucy whipped out her handkerchief, wiped Ivor's face and

PLEASE KEEP OFF THE GRASS
CAN'T YOU READ?

straightened his tie. She said: "Goodbye, darling," and kissed him. Ivor said nothing but he smiled painfully.

USUALLY when Sewell wanted to speak to his staff he took a mug of tea and drank it rather noisily as he talked, sitting on a bench. Today he walked a few paces away and stood facing them and said: "Ladies and gentlemen. . : ." His face was cold and expressionless.

Besides Lucy, Marriott and Parkin, there were only Lane and Silkin, the biochemists, and Drake and Levers from the pathology side.

Sewell said: "I have some news for you, and I'm afraid you may find it disappointing." He spoke curtly and formally, as though he was addressing an unfriendly public meeting. "You all know that Dr. Shole has prepared a paper on the mechanism of epidemic disease, which embodies the results of work in which you have all been engaged, and which has been going on in various forms in the Haughton Laboratory for over twenty years." He paused. Marriott breathed in Lucy's ear. "He's going to funk it again."

"Three days ago," went on Sewell expressionlessly, "when that paper was ready for publication, the authorities—the Government, that is—asked to see it. They then informed me that since our work impinges on matters of national defence and security they would prefer it not to be made public. I saw the Minister and he repeated that view."

Sewell closed his eyes for a moment. "There is, of course, no alternative but to accept the official verdict," he said, if anything even more dryly and coldly than before. "I am sorry if it is a disappointment to you. It is to me also."

There was a moment's silence. Sewell half-turned towards Shole and raised his eyebrows. Shole nodded.

"That's all," said Sewell briefly. "There are some other developments which Dr. Shole will tell you."

As he turned to go Marriott blurted out: "How does national defence come into it, sir? Is it the Ministry of Health who——?"

Sewell turned back and snapped: "I am telling you our orders. It isn't my job to explain why they were issued. Official Wisdom has spoken. It isn't for the likes of us to question it."

Marriott's face was bright pink. "But didn't they give any *reason*, sir? I mean—it's all bunkum surely about defence and—and so forth?"

Shole said quickly: "Look—don't let's start a discussion about it now. The Professor's got an appointment. I'll try to explain afterwards."

Sewell hesitated for a moment and then went out.

"So there it is," Shole concluded. "As far as I can see, nothing can be done, so we've just got to swallow it and get on with our jobs."

Marriott said again: "They must be crazy!"

"For God's sake stop saying that," said Shole, without heat. "It may look crazy to us, but we don't know all the facts. They do."

"It's all very well to say we must get on with our jobs, Doc.," said Drake gloomily. "But what *is* our job? What's the good of doing the work if it can't be used?"

"Oh, they'll use it all right," said Shole cheerfully.

"What for?" said Marriott. He looked round at the others. "I don't know about anybody else, but if they think like this about it I should want to be *very* sure what I was doing before I did anything for them."

"That'll all come out in the wash. I don't suppose they'll ask anybody to—to do anything he doesn't want to. In the meantime they want to put the work on the secret list, which is a nuisance because it means all sorts of frills and fal-lals."

"Oh, God!" said Levers, who had worked in the Ministry of Supply during the war. "Back to the good old Top Secret racket!"

"I'm afraid so."

"Is it going to apply to the whole lab.?"

"I don't know yet. Anyhow, it'll certainly apply to everybody here. I shouldn't think there'll be much to it. I don't know how they work in peacetime. I suppose we shall have to classify papers and keep a proper eye on them."

"And carry passes and have a bobby at the door with a revolver and pass things by hand, and use scrambler phones and take turns at night duty, and never take sweets from strangers," said Levers.

SHOLE went on: "I expect they'll send somebody along to talk to us and tell us what to do. They usually do that. In the meantime," he said in his slow, rather soft voice, "I think the only thing to do is to try to be fairly grown-up about the thing and to take it seriously."

"That's easy enough, Doc.," said Marriott bitterly. "I take it very seriously indeed. In fact, it terrifies me."

"It may sound silly to us and it may be disappointing," said Shole, ignoring him.

He paused.

"Things like this are for the Government to decide. That's their job. And it's up to us to show a sense of discipline and—and responsibility."

"Responsibility——!" said Marriott.

"Not you, Bob," said Shole without even looking at him. "Because you know it all, of course. But the rest of us who aren't so gifted. We can think what we like, of course. But don't let's shout our opinions around too much. Let's keep our mouths shut until we see how it's all going to work out. Then, if we think the job's become pointless—well, it's a free country. We can always go and find ourselves something else. And for God's sake——"

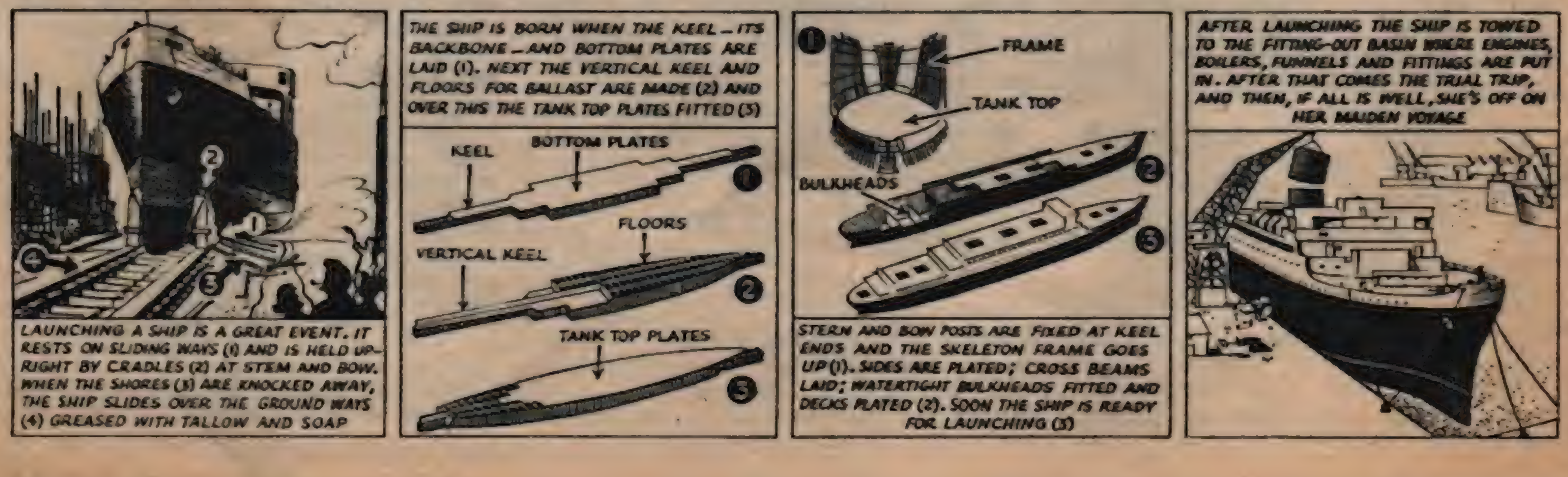
He turned to Marriott. "Don't go and badger the Prof. about it. He can't help you, and he doesn't like it any more than you do. And if you think it's a waste of all your work, just remember that he's been on this as many years as some of us have months.

"He stands to lose much more than anyone else, and there's no need to rub it in."

To be continued next week

UNCLE ANDY

How A Ship Is Made


LAUNCHING A SHIP IS A GREAT EVENT. IT RESTS ON SLIDING WAYS (1) AND IS HELD UPRIGHT BY CRADLES (2) AT STEM AND BOW. WHEN THE SHORES (3) ARE KNOCKED AWAY, THE SHIP SLIDES OVER THE GROUND WAYS (4) GREASED WITH TALLOW AND SOAP
1
2
3
4
THE SHIP IS BORN WHEN THE KEEL—ITS BACKBONE—AND BOTTOM PLATES ARE LAID (1). NEXT THE VERTICAL KEEL AND FLOORS FOR BALLAST ARE MADE (2) AND OVER THIS THE TANK TOP PLATES FITTED (3)
KEEL
BOTTOM PLATES
1
VERTICAL KEEL
FLOORS
2
TANK TOP PLATES
3
1
FRAME
TANK TOP
BULKHEADS
2
3
STERN AND BOW POSTS ARE FIXED AT KEEL ENDS AND THE SKELETON FRAME GOES UP (1). SIDES ARE PLATED; CROSS BEAMS LAID; WATERTIGHT BULKHEADS FITTED AND DECKS PLATED (2). SOON THE SHIP IS READY FOR LAUNCHING (3)
AFTER LAUNCHING THE SHIP IS TOWED TO THE FITTING-OUT BASIN WHERE ENGINES, BOILERS, FUNNELS AND FITTINGS ARE PUT IN. AFTER THAT COMES THE TRIAL TRIP, AND THEN, IF ALL IS WELL, SHE'S OFF ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE

Swans fill fastest

The filling device of the Leverless Swan is unique in the pen world. Just a twist of your wrist on the milled top at the end of the pen — and your Swan's brimful! Use Swan Inks — best for all pens.

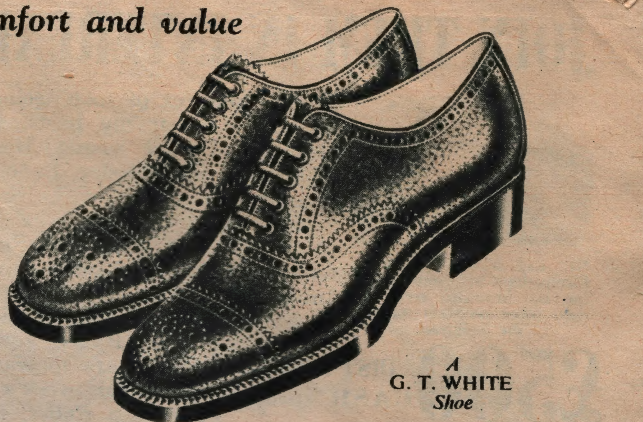
Leverless 30/7 to 55/-. Lever-filling 25/8 to 36/8 (including purchase tax). Eternal nibs, perfect for duplicating, extra: From all Stationers and Jewellers.

TRADE MARK

MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK ST., LONDON, W.1 (*Administration only*).
Service Depots & Showrooms: 110 New Bond Street, London, W.1
33 Cheapside, London, E.C.2, and 3 Exchange Street, Manchester 2.

For appearance, comfort and value

Spire

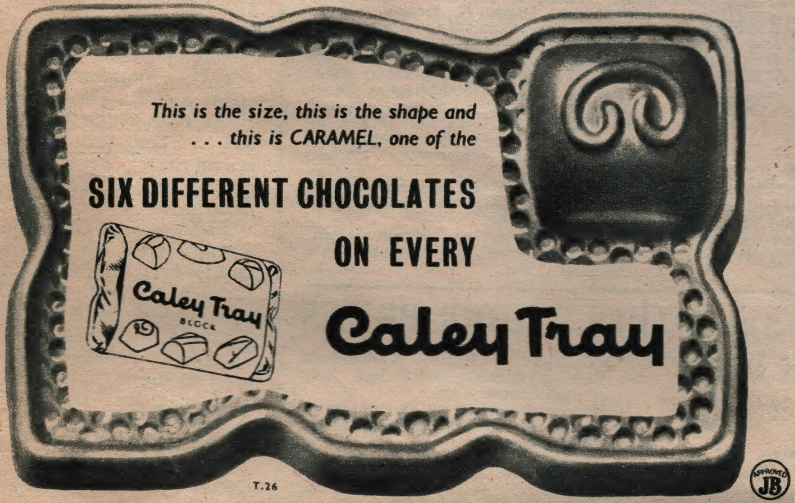


These good-looking Brogues in fine grain leather are available in black or tan at 54/-

A
G. T. WHITE
Shoe

Sold by good retailers · Made by G. T. WHITE LTD. at Kettering

---



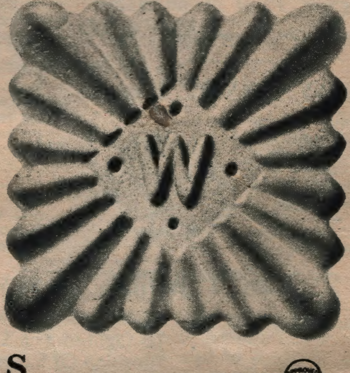
This is the size, this is the shape and . . . this is CARAMEL, one of the

SIX DIFFERENT CHOCOLATES ON EVERY

Caley Tray

Short-eating, sweet, tempting!

Weston's Dainty Fare



Such beguiling little biscuits! Their name aptly describes their nature, and anyone who can resist them must be very strong-minded indeed. Weston's Dainty Fare are not really plentiful yet, but they who ask are most likely to receive.

Weston's
BISCUITS

APPROVED JB

DUNLOP

The World's Master Tyre

BRITISH AS THE FLAG

9H/313

". . . a credit to you on BENBOW'S!"

Your dog should be full of friendly alertness and vitality. He doesn't need harsh purgatives to keep him fit. But he does want a regular tonic rich in the oils and vitamins too often lacking in his diet today. Sleek 'blooming' coat, bright eyes, cool moist nose are the signs of 'champion' condition. Breeders of champions have used Benbow's since 1835. Your dog deserves it too.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

IN BOTTLES CANS AND CAPSULES
From pet shops, corn stores and chemists

Want to make your money grow ?

More pounds per plant through extra sunlight. Braced for strength. Insect-proof. No painting. Easily erected - simple plans supplied. 9ft. wide by any length. Marvellous value. From £38.4.11d or 15/10d a month delivered (No Pur. Tax).

The Waldor 'Aristocrat'
RUSTLESS Aluminium Alloy **GREENHOUSE**

★ Send for Illustrated Brochure 75—
WALDOR OF DROITWICH

CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

LIQUID
BLANCO
BRAND
WHITE CLEANER
KEEPS WHITE SHOES WHITE

So white!

Warning Joseph Pickering & Sons, Ltd., Sheffield, England, are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners are called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO".

Iron Jelloids with Quinine

are again available. In these Jelloids the blood-building, tonic properties of Iron Jelloids are reinforced by the tonic, appetite-promoting effect of Quinine. Iron Jelloids with Quinine are preferred where loss of appetite and digestive upset are more particularly noticeable. Of all chemists, 1/6 and 3/8, including purchase tax.

Iron Jelloids

The Reliable Blood-builder and Tonic

The Iron Jelloid Co Ltd Watford Herts

APPROVED JB

JOIN THEM IN INTERLAKEN!

Mr. and Mrs. Williams of Birmingham will soon be seeing the beautiful scene on right when on their way up the Jungfrau.

"THE prospect of soon seeing Switzerland has left my husband and me breathless," said young Mrs. G. M. Williams, 102 Billesley Lane, Moseley, Birmingham.

Later this summer, *you* and *your* companion can join this *Bullets* £500 winner and her husband on their trip to Interlaken. With them you can enjoy all the thrills of a holiday in Switzerland as JOHN BULL's guests.

If you are to travel to the Alps as this week's winner of £500 for a *Bullet*, make good use of your coupon below.

£500 FIRST PRIZE CASH plus

Swiss Holiday for Two

—a free ten-day trip to glorious Interlaken, including ascent by mountain railway of the mighty Jungfrau

OTHER PRIZES THIS WEEK

£50, £25, 2 of £10, 5 of £5

10 of £2.10, 25 of £1, 50 "Bullets" Seasons, 3,000 "Good Shot" Awards

"SUNDAY DINNER" Bonuses

Delicious Game Pie accompanies each of the twenty chief cheques won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 16 and in JOHN BULL dated July 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Wealth Of The Nation
To Lighten The Load
Sunshine Of Success
If We're Patient
On Life's Racecourse
Sweets
The White Man
From Moscow
She Discovered
Thunder And Lightning
Really Moved
Doing The Donkey Work
He's Democratic, So
Good-night Kiss

Like A Lobster
Fireman Grandpa
Paddling
A Basinful
In A Whisper
At The Holiday Camp

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Dropped From The......
Looking At...............
When The Foreman's...
So Many...................
Before................ Dies
With Half A...............

FINAL SWISS HOLIDAY OFFER

in this "Bulletin"

To get the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, including extra winners for your guidance, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,686 (or Xword 638) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

BULLETIN LABEL

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 9. If this is first copy applied for please mark × here

499

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

....

EXAMPLE .... 6d.

BULLET

EX. .... 6d.

B.

EX. .... 6d.

B.

EX. .... 6d.

B.

Fee: 6d. per *Bullet* on coupon or plain paper — see Bonus Offer above.

Closing Postmark, **1,686** MON., June 27

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

value ....

No. ....

Signed ....

Address ....

....

....

Holiday Winners 1,681

"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Swiss Holiday For Two: W. P. Larkin, 17 Field Way, Liverpool, 15: PROSPERITY'S PRIZES — "RINGS ROUND" *Job* WINNING

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: A. Haughey, Mt. St. Patrick, Downpatrick, Co. Down, N. Ireland: IN THE MIDST OF NATURE'S—HOW "GREEN" *Man's* HANDIWORK!

THIRD PRIZE, £25: Miss M. Morgan, 47 Tudor Road, Cardiff: UPSET THE RUSSIANS — WAY WE "WENT OVER."

OTHER AWARDS: £10: L. B. Gordon, 11 Old Station Road, Inverurie, Aberdeenshire: TAXES—SAVAGE? PRICE OF CIVILIZATION! £10: J. Hanly, 77 Lansdown Road, Barnes, S.W.13: GOT BY—"ROUGHING IT," FIRMER "GRIP." £5: E. Lee, 98 Tunwell Avenue, Sheffield, 5: PROSPERITY'S PRIZES—MISSED—WOULDN'T MISS "TANKARD." £5: Mrs. M. Lindsay, 14 Alexandra Park, Holywood, Co. Down, N. Ireland: TIME'S SCYTHE—SHARPENED ON SLUM SILLS. £5: F. C. Pendred, Church Lane, Grendon, Northampton: IN THE MIDST OF REMOVAL—FEARING WIFE CHANGING *Mind*! £5: R. Sargent, 28 Ebrington Street, Plymouth: LIFE WITH CRIPPS—AUSTERE, BUT HE "STEERS." £5: L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester: FRIEND OR FOE—POLICEMAN? *Friendly* FOE—CHILDREN!

Swiss Holidays arranged by Cook's. For ten winners of £2 10s., see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

25 Prizes of £1, 50 "Season Ticket" Awards and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 633

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Ports. 2, Bite. 3, Scone. 4, Dens. 6, Hit. 8, Play. 13, Heady. DOWN: 1, Ponder. 2, Box. 5, Laps. 7, Trap. 9, Cad. 10, Lure. 11, Mail. 12, Day or Say.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. H. Hale, 771 Dunstable Road, Luton, Beds.

Awards value £25 for first Runners-up shared by 14 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all second Runners-up. In addition, Winner and first Runners-up receive 20-lb. Food Parcels.

CASH, FOOD and OTHER XWORD PRIZES

£100 FIRST PRIZE

(Winner's telegram Friday, July 8)

Awards Value £25 Amongst 1st Runners-up

NOVEL "SIGNPOST" PRIZES for all 2nd Runners-up

20-lb. FOOD PARCELS

with all prizes value £1 and over, providing useful extras for your larder and luxuries for your table

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 638**

2. Railway stations would look very strange without them
5. He who devotes all his time to making money may usually be expected to become this
6. You often don't see one at the barber's
10. Often it isn't easy to get this at the seaside
11. That boxer is the likelier to win whose blows are the more accurately this
13. Where you find these, you may perhaps find nuts
14. Think of a bishop and you may possibly think of this
15. Has an unaccountable fascination for many people

Down Clues

1. One may be good measure
3. Even if small, can be a useful vessel, all the same
4. It pays farmers to give attention to these
7. Many a man in the Services worries very little about his
8. A good painting would improve the appearance of many a one
9. One ought to be clean
12. Ivy-covered cottages look attractive, but some of them are

WIN A CHEQUE AND 20-lb. FOOD PARCEL!

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 9.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

■	1	■	2 P	O		3 T	E	R	4 S
5	I	S	E	R	■	U	P	■	
■	L	T	A	■	■		■	■	I
6	L	O	C	7 K	■	■	S	8 H	E
■	■	R	E	I	■	9 W	O	O	S
10	A	Y	■		■		■		■
■	R	■	■	■	11	I	M	E	12 D
13	O	L	T	S	■	T	E	L	A
■	M	O	O	S	■	E	R	■	
14	A	W	N	638	15	R	I	N	K

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

I enclose P.O. value..............

No. ....

Signed ....

Address ....

....

638 Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 27

MISTER TEN PER CENT

Continued from page 16

out of my own pocket," Al relates. "Less my usual ten per cent, of course. You can't stick up for your clients' rights with managers and then not be faithful to them yourself."

Parker is bitter about agents who take other agents' clients. One day an actress came to his office and told him she had heard he fought for his clients. "I'd like to get into films," she said, "and the agent I have now doesn't know the film business. Will you take me over, right away?"

"No," Al said. "But find out how much he'll sell your contract for."

"Twenty - five hundred pounds," the actress reported on her next visit. "But I don't have that kind of money."

Parker approached the other agent and bargained him down to £1,200, which he paid himself. "That girl is now a big screen star," he told me. "I got my money back in eighteen months."

Al has at one time or another fought over his clients with nearly every theatrical big-wig in town. Luckily, most of these tiffs are strictly of the moment. "You gotta have a sense of humour," Al declares. "I've always been thankful for the fact that I've been an actor, because every deal calls for acting ability."

When he takes on a new client, fresh to acting, Al is well qualified to show him the ropes. He tells him to be his natural self when meeting the Press and theatrical executives.

He thinks a newcomer should always keep one good-looking dress or suit clean and pressed, to be used when job-hunting. Young actresses should, above all else, keep their legs well stockinged and wear good, neat shoes.

By and large, actors and actresses lean pretty heavily on the agent who handles their destinies. They feel he is responsible for everything—good or bad—that happens to them. There is a story about two actors having an argument.

"You don't expect me to believe that, do you?" the first demanded.

The second eyed him sternly. "May my agent drop dead if it isn't so!" he insisted.

Al Parker thinks this is going a little too far.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Subsistence Grants

R. F. (Dunstable): Subsistence grants and travelling allowances are payable by the Ministry of Labour to workers who transfer to industries such as coalmining and cotton or to very important branches of other industries—such as the manufacture of heavy electrical plant—where there is a special demand for labour.

No special provision is made for the building industry.

Our team of experts will solve readers' queries (except medical) if these are sent to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Stamped envelope for reply please.

NEW IMPROVED CREAM DEODORANT

safely STOPS underarm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Prevents odour. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.
4. Pure, white, greaseless, vanishing.
5. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.

Arrid *2/5 a jar*

Supplies are rather better now, and you've a good chance of being able to get Arrid from your chemist, hairdresser, or local store. You'll find the new improved Arrid has been worth waiting for.

Jump that queue!

BY GETTING YOUR *RAIL TICKETS* IN *ADVANCE* AT STATION PRICES *from*

COOK'S

WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE
Head Office:
Berkeley St., London, W.1 and all branches

Lixen

THE
GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE
in bottles—2/5½, 4/4

LIXEN LOZENGES
FRUIT FLAVOURED
in bottles—2/2

From Chemists only
Made in England by
ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD

---

take
Fennings'
LITTLE HEALERS

at the first sign of an attack of
INFLUENZA
BRONCHITIS
OR COLDS

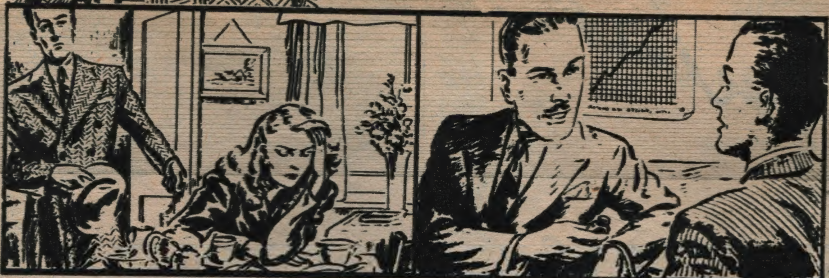
and Brighten your outlook

FROM ALL CHEMISTS
7d., 1/6 & 3/6.

Alfred Fennings, Horsham, Sussex

My Wife is much Happier Now...

but it wasn't always so—only a short while ago every day was a dismal affair for both of us . . .



I'd leave for work without so much as a word of 'goodbye'. She often had a headache and was depressed . . .

One morning I mentioned it to a friend of mine in the office. He recommended that she tried 'YEAST-VITE' Tablets—said he and his wife were never without them . . .

Now she knows how to get rid of headaches and is happier in every way . . .

If you suffer from
HEADACHES,
RHEUMATIC PAINS,
NERVE PAINS, NEURALGIA
OR SLEEPLESSNESS
try Yeast-Vite Tablets yourself at once!

YEAST-VITE

"Pick-Me-Up Tablets" **1/6 & 3/8**

HUNDREDS OF PRACTICAL HOW-TO-DO-IT DRAWINGS

ENTIRELY NEW!
PRACTICAL HOME GARDENING Illustrated

PRACTICAL
HOME GARDENING
ILLUSTRATED

By Richard Sudell, F.I.L.A., F.R.H.S.

Trans-planting Vegetable and Flower Seedlings

Care of Tomatoes indoor and outdoor

How to Prune Fruit Trees, Bushes, Ramblers

JUST PUBLISHED! Get this great, new, easy-to-understand aid to **real** garden success NOW! Written by one of Britain's greatest experts a man who thoroughly understands your gardening problems. Amazingly comprehensive. Tells clearly, in words and pictures **everything** you need to know for successful cultivation of flowers, fruit and vegetables. Invaluable to skilled gardener and beginner alike. Explains hundreds of jobs, advises on pest prevention, fertilizers, how, when and where to plant, how to prune, take cuttings, store root crops, etc. Fully-illustrated month-by-month calendar guide. **384** fact-filled pages. Nearly **700** photos and diagrams, **100,000** words. Full-colour frontispiece, and end-papers. Standard edition, bookcloth **8s. 6d.** **De Luxe edition,** leathercloth, **9s. 6d.** Prices include postage, packing, insurance, etc.

ACT TODAY Fill in and post Reservation Form below in 1d. stamped, unsealed envelope to **Book Dept. J.S.1., Odhams Press Ltd., 49 Neal Street, London, W.C.2. Offer applies only in U.K. and Eire and closes June 29th.**

Nearly 700 ILLUSTRATIONS 384 PAGES

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

Gay Blooms—Summer and Winter! · Flowering Shrubs · Rock and Water Gardens · Town and Country Gardens · Profitable year-round Vegetables · Prolific Fruits · Economical Path Construction · Children's Gardens · Garden Sports, Garden Furniture · Velvet Lawns · Soil Foods · Hedges, Topiary, Fencing · Cultivation under Glass · Pest and Weed Killers · Tools, Sheds, Storing · Potting Pruning, etc.

Reserve in my name **"PRACTICAL HOME GARDENING ILLUSTRATED"** in edition shown, and send my Privilege Price Certificate and Invoice.

Cross out Edition **NOT** required. **(a) Standard** **(b) De Luxe**

NAME ....

Full Postal
ADDRESS ....

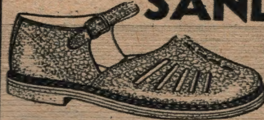
....

(USE BLOCK LETTERS.)

FIRMLY AFFIX 1d. STAMP HERE to bring Privilege Certificate and Invoice with **FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.**

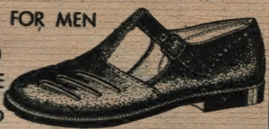
J.S.1/P.P.G./
18/6/49.

LADIES' & MEN'S SANDALS



MODEL 23N
FOR LADIES
12/6
POST FREE
Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6 & 7

Sun Tan Leather Sandals for Ladies and Teen-agers. Thick Crepe Sole and Heel. Excellent Value.



MODEL 3N FOR MEN
16/6
POST FREE
Sizes
6, 7, 8, 9, 10

Men's stout Brown Leather Sandal. Leather insole. Hard-wearing Rubber Sole and Heel.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT FULLY SATISFIED

Send your order now to:
NEWBURY (Dept. JB), ELTON
BURY, LANCS.

Keep Smiling
WITH
Victory-V
GUMS & LOZENGES

Still in short supply

N49

CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN

with this amazing new treatment

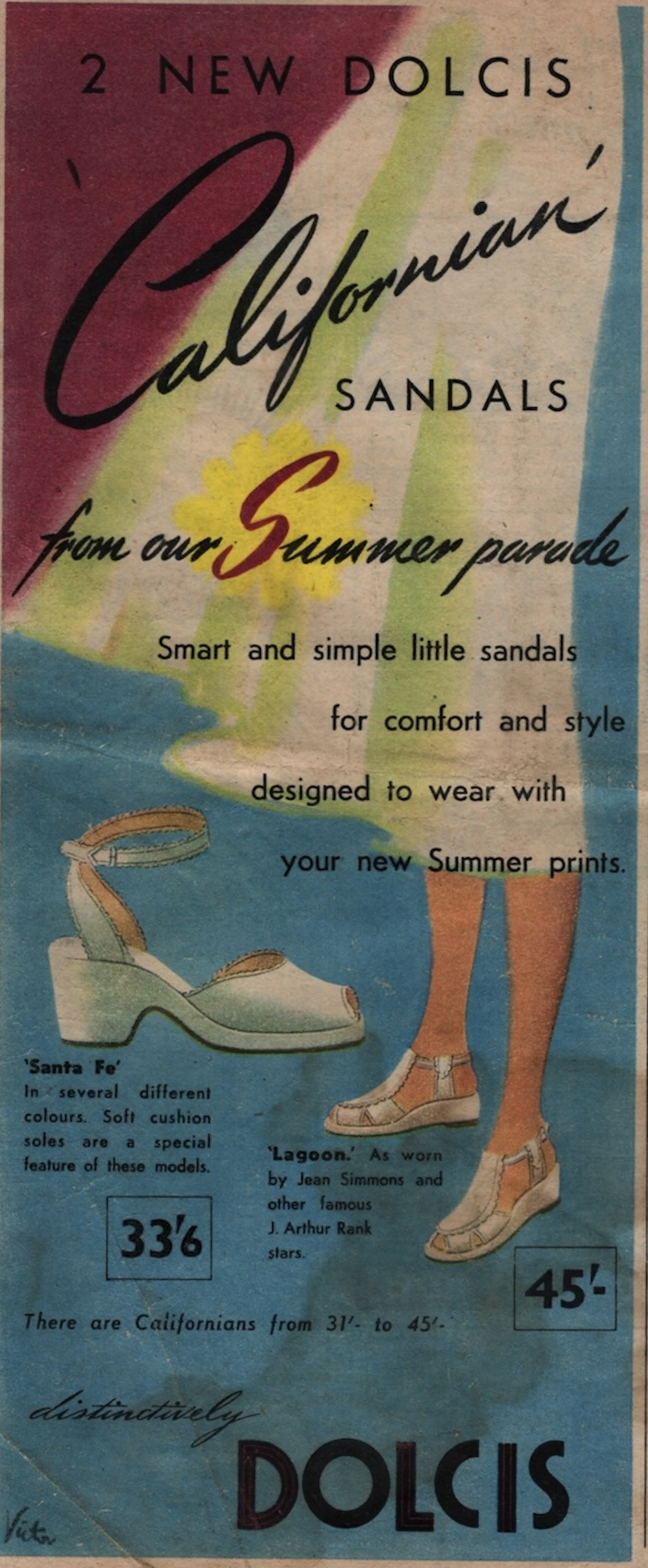
She dared not let him see her face. Disfiguring spots were making her life a misery. Then . . .

In only a few days this amazing double-antiseptic balm made her skin fresh, clear and healthy.

Don't let skin troubles spoil YOUR life.

Treat your skin with this amazing new non-greasy balm—Valderma. Not an ointment; not a face cream—a healing soothing balm. Its two antiseptics quickly kill germs that cause skin infections. Irritation ends. Spots, pimples disappear. Valderma makes skin beautifully healthy in only a few days. Try a jar at once. At Boots and all chemists. Trial jar 1/3d. Medium-size 2/2½d. Double-size 3/10d. The larger size saves you money.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland, 1½d. Canada and Abroad, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



2 NEW DOLCIS

'Californian' SANDALS

from our Summer parade

Smart and simple little sandals
for comfort and style
designed to wear with
your new Summer prints.

'Santa Fe'
In several different colours. Soft cushion soles are a special feature of these models.

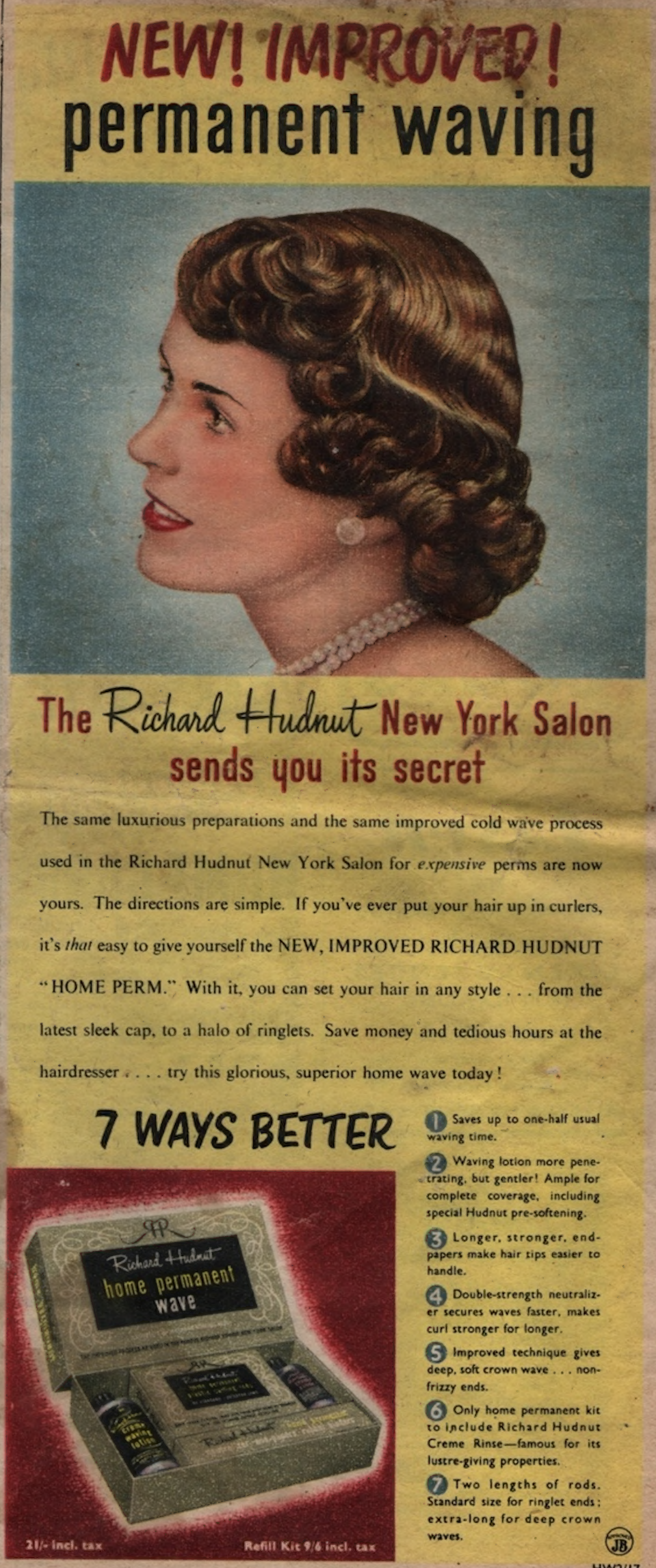
33/6

'Lagoon.' As worn by Jean Simmons and other famous J. Arthur Rank stars.

45/-

There are Californians from 31/- to 45/-

distinctively DOLCIS



NEW! IMPROVED!
permanent waving

The Richard Hudnut New York Salon
sends you its secret

The same luxurious preparations and the same improved cold wave process used in the Richard Hudnut New York Salon for *expensive* perms are now yours. The directions are simple. If you've ever put your hair up in curlers, it's *that* easy to give yourself the NEW, IMPROVED RICHARD HUDNUT "HOME PERM." With it, you can set your hair in any style . . . from the latest sleek cap, to a halo of ringlets. Save money and tedious hours at the hairdresser . . . . try this glorious, superior home wave today!

7 WAYS BETTER

① Saves up to one-half usual waving time.

② Waving lotion more penetrating, but gentler! Ample for complete coverage, including special Hudnut pre-softening.

③ Longer, stronger, end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.

④ Double-strength neutralizer secures waves faster, makes curl stronger for longer.

⑤ Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave . . . non-frizzy ends.

⑥ Only home permanent kit to include Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse—famous for its lustre-giving properties.

⑦ Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.

21/- incl. tax

Refill Kit 9/6 incl. tax

JB

HW2/17